





**MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY
SCIENCE & ADMINISTRATION BUILDING**

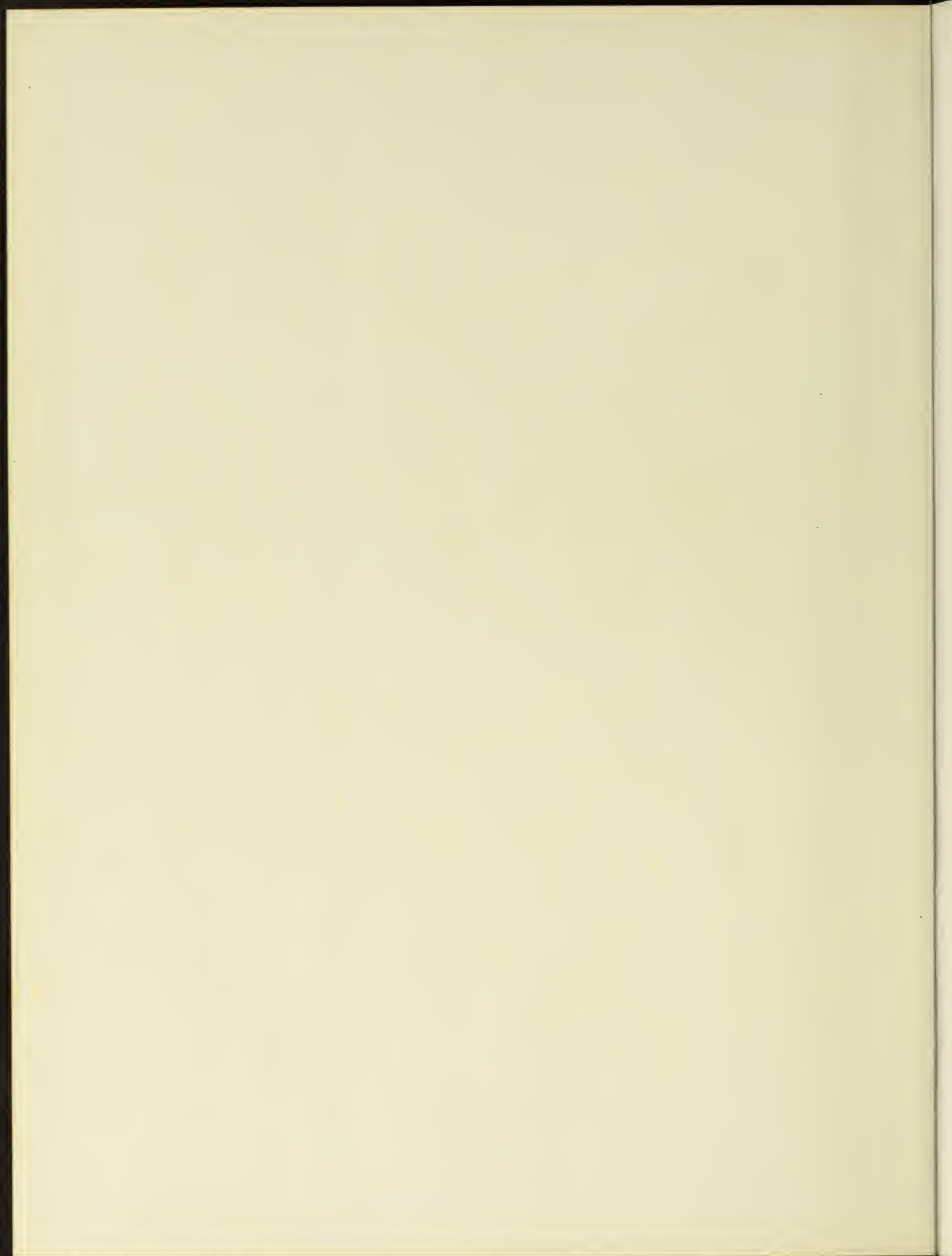
HIGHER EDUCATION FACILITIES PROGRAM
\$273,592 FEDERAL GRANT (TITLE I) \$619,000 INSTITUTION FUNDS

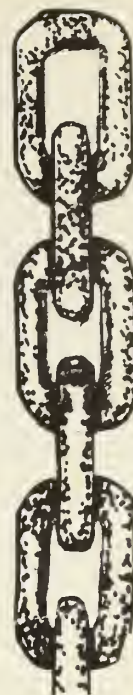
PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON
GOVERNOR JOHN A. VOLPE
U.S. DEPT. OF HEALTH, EDUCATION AND WELFARE
OFFICE OF EDUCATION
With Assistance From
U.S. DEPT. OF HOUSING AND URBAN DEVELOPMENT
METROPOLITAN DEVELOPMENT





Photographs by Don LePine
N.E. Commercial Photography





THE MUSTER



1967

A SENIOR PUBLICATION
MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME
ACADEMY
BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

*The Class of 1967 Dedicates
this Yearbook to the Memory of . . .*



Although we have had the privilege of his guidance and help for only three short years, we know from the testimony of past yearbooks dedicated to him, that many classes of Midshipmen have respected and admired him, since he came to us in 1948.

We have come to share with them the conviction that Mr. Page was a living embodiment of the expression "shipmate". His death on May 25, 1967, was a great loss to the Academy as well as to the community.

We pray that the great Master of all good seamen will meet him at the gangway of heaven and sign him on for the eternal voyage that he so richly deserves.

The Class of 1967





CAPTAIN LUCIAN T. PAGE,
MASTER MARINER



Reactions vary as middies

As they entered the gates for the first time the freshman class of 1967, had as many different reactions to their new environment, as there were members of that class. What will my room in the dorm look like, and what kind of guys will I draw for roommates? When does the ship sail? Where is the campus, and classrooms, etc.?

Within a surprisingly few days, we had found the answers to these and many more questions, and quickly settled into the routine and adapted to the realities of Academy life.

In our first year, these realities in our floating dormitory and the steady pressure of classes, drills, inspections, check musters and "turn-to's" kept us too busy to notice the passage of time, until suddenly sailing day for our first training cruise arrived.





commence training



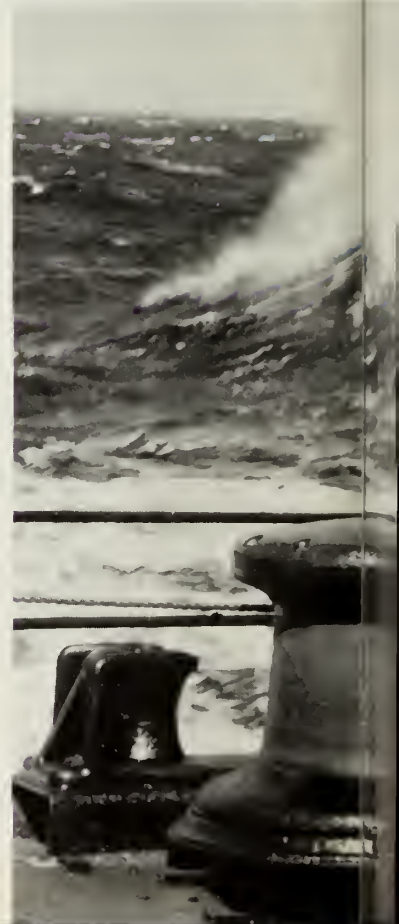
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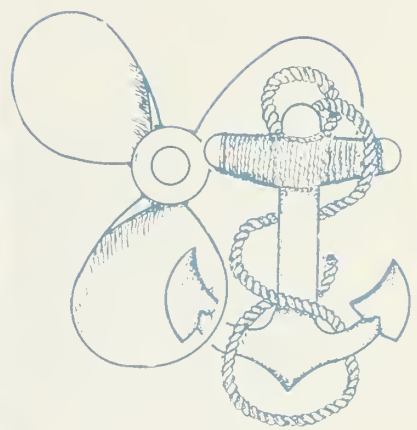
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Classroom Lessons Are Proved At Sea

Ten short weeks at sea gave clear and graphic vitality and meaning to the arduous classroom work we had been exposed to during that first year. We came home looking forward to even greater concentration in the mysteries of our chosen careers, and the hard study that it would take to master them.







Engineers and Deckies Conquer Mysteries of Their Chosen Fields

The second year at the Academy saw the class divided between the two disciplines of Nautical Science and Marine Engineering. Each group spent hours learning the skills, and conquering the mysteries of their chosen specialty.

Our second training cruise, which would in time prove to be our last, took us into the Caribbean again, with a fascinating stop at the missile complex at Cape Kennedy in Florida, before returning home in May, 1966.

After a few weeks vacation, we returned to the long sought and prestigious life of the "upper job". Our enjoyment of this exalted position was shattered by the announcement late in the year that our courses would be accelerated, as we were needed to man the ships bound for Viet Nam.

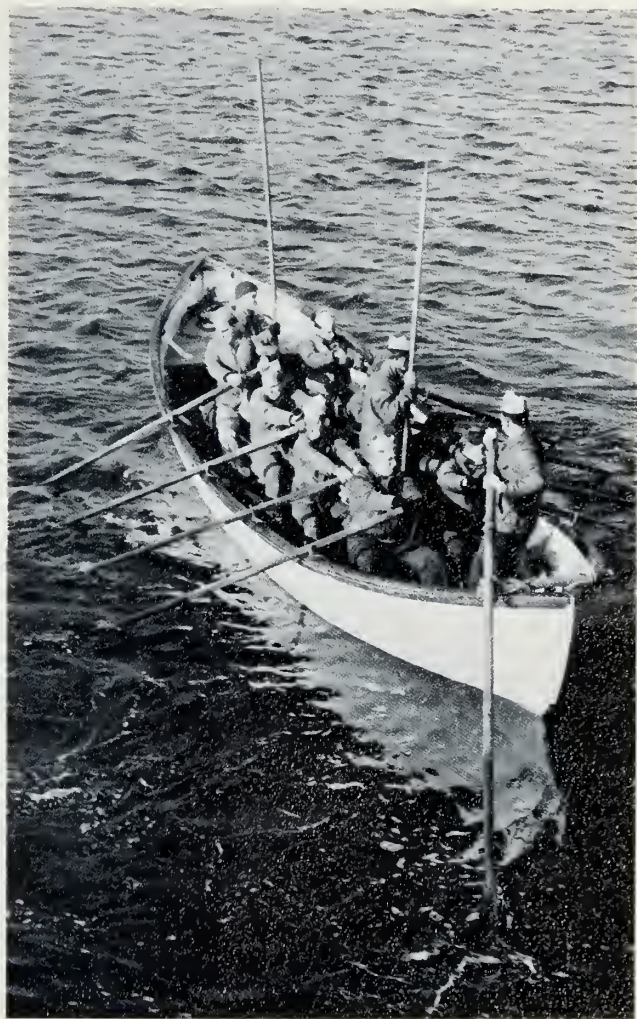




Credentials in Hand, '67 Head For The Sea

Now that it is over, we don't know how it was accomplished, but by late March or early April all were Third Mates or Third Engineers, and with these credentials clutched in our grubby hands, we shouldered our sea bags, and walked out the gate for the last time hearing the cry of, "we got ours" echoing from the past.





February 3, 1967 . . . *A Special Day*

February 3, 1967 was a grey, wet, blustery day, not unlike many in the life of Mass. Maritime students. This particular day however was important not because of the weather, but because it was the day on which the symbolic first spadeful of earth was turned, to mark the beginning of construction of the Science-Administration building.

Senator Allan F. Jones, who has a keen interest in the Academy, and has represented us in both houses of the General Court for many years, was the principal speaker. He was accompanied by our local Representative, Harry A. S. Reed, and Senator Beryl W. Cohen.

Our small library was crowded with many interested parties to this beginning of what we hope will be a large and efficient campus in a few short years. This group included Bourne Town officials, Alumni officers, representatives of the contractors, and State building authorities, faculty members, and many others who braved the poor weather to help us launch this important project.



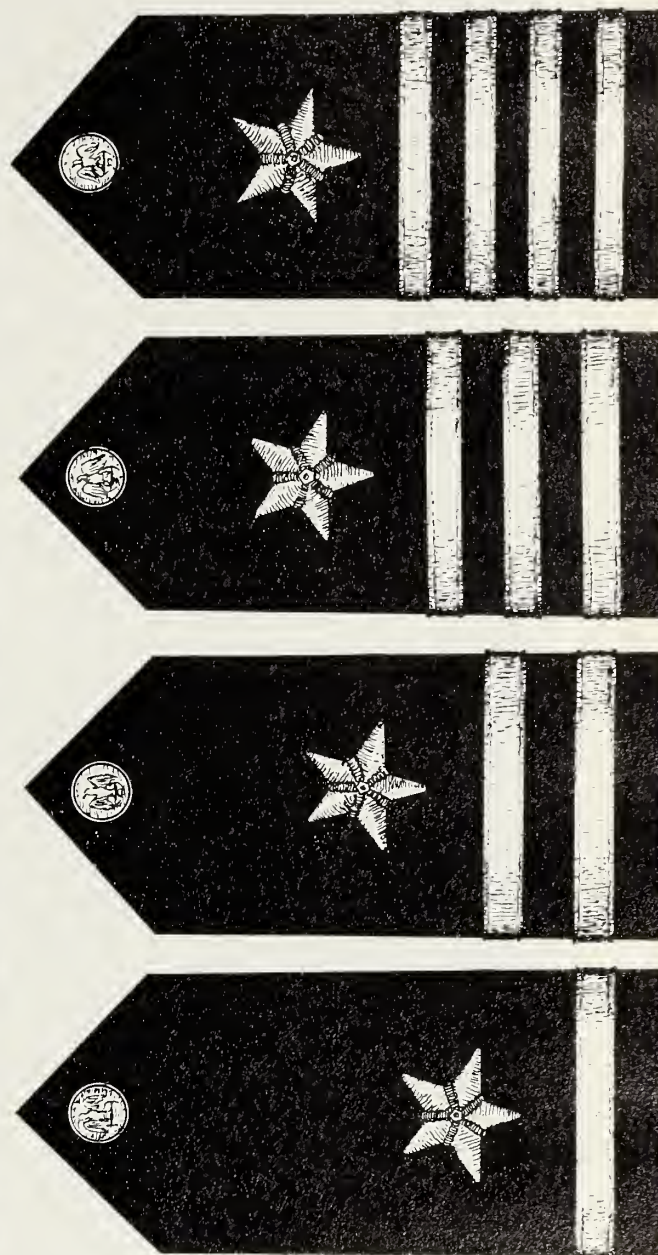


ADMINISTRATION AND



Promoting the Concept of Scientific

FACULTY



Understanding and Scholastic Excellence

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS
MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY, 1967

It is a pleasure for me to extend my best wishes as you complete your college education.

You are graduating into a society in which you will be warmly welcomed. Our country has never had so great a need for highly educated men and women. Never have young Americans moved from the college campus into a world offering so broad a range of opportunities for individual fulfillment and contribution to the welfare of humanity.

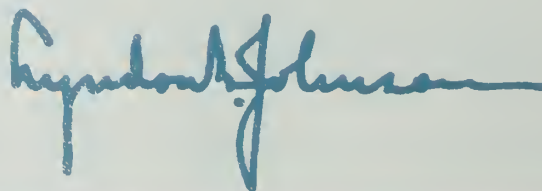
Your generation of students has been distinguished by its fresh and vigorous concern for the quality of American life and its commitment to American democracy. Perhaps the greatest opportunity awaiting you is the challenge to make this a life-long commitment.

Today, Americans from every walk of life are striving together to shape a society that can offer a meaningful and rewarding life to all its members. Never have so many of our countrymen been so deeply dedicated to eradicating the old evils of ignorance, poverty, and bigotry from every corner of the land.

Through your years of study, you have prepared yourselves for positions of leadership in this quest for a better America.

I congratulate you, and urge you to take full advantage of that opportunity.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Lyndon B. Johnson", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.





JOHN A. VOLPE
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

TO THE CLASS OF 1967
MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

Although the graduation of the Class of 1967 of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy was a rather untimely one by most educational calendars, I am indeed proud to salute those young men who, even while I write this letter, are actively engaged in the defense and security of our Nation.

Throughout the years, there have been many persons who were "called before their time," but not all have been as well prepared to contribute fully to a cause as have the members of this Class of 1967.

The traditions of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy are strong with that sense of patriotism and dedication which were needed in March, and which are necessary at every moment in every citizen if this world is to continue in peace and freedom.

All the citizens of the Bay State join with me in a hearty congratulations to you who have reflected such great credit upon our State, and we send our wishes and prayers for every measure of continued good health, good fortune and fulfillment throughout the promising years to come.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "John A. Volpe", written over a large, stylized circular flourish.

Governor



THE PRESIDENT OF THE ACADEMY



Captain A. Sanford Limouze,
USMS



TO THE CLASS OF 1967:

Gentlemen:

There are not many graduating classes whose services are of such national importance that their early graduation is requested. Your class, in this small group of "early birds," can be proud to have been so selected.

With you go the best wishes and heartiest congratulations of all of us at the Academy. May you continue to lead, to be a little ahead, in the development of your careers and the fulfillment of your desires.

Sincerely yours,



A. Sanford Limouze
Captain, USMS
President



NAUTICAL SCIENCE

Captain John G. Stein, USMS
Commandant of Cadets
Chr. of Nautical Science Dept.



The American merchant marine from its very beginning, has experienced numerous peaks and troughs of boom and depression. Currently we are riding the crest of another boom phase, in which your newly acquired skills are so badly needed.

Your tenure at Massachusetts Maritime Academy was abbreviated, and no doubt it seemed that you had hardly begun your senior year when finals, Coast Guard exams, and graduation ended your experience here.

You now set out to become a part of that legion of Mass. Maritime graduates who have contributed to this industry, in good times and in bad, in war and in peace.

I wish you well in your chosen careers, and expect that you will add lustre to the already impressive achievements and contributions that have been made by our graduates throughout the seventy-six year history of the institution.

ENGINEERING

William R. Hendy Jr.
Assistant to the President
Chr. of Engineering Dept.



The mission of the department is to imbue the engineering student with a continuing motivation to devote his life to a career at sea. To this end, we have made every effort, within the limits of our small plant, and the few short years you have been here, to equip you for such a career.

In time to come, we hope to expand our potential, and look to you and graduates of the past to keep our spiritual as well as material needs in mind. Indeed, as I write this, the first building in what we hope will be a comprehensive construction program is taking shape.

A growing and improving alma mater needs a strong and dedicated Alumni. Welcome to this select group. Good luck and much success in your promising future.

FACULTY



William J. Connors
Assistant Professor
Navigation and Rules of the Road



Thomas F. Dorsey
Instructor
Social Studies

Captain Louis A. Woodland
Master-Training Ship
1967 Cruise



Nautical
Science



Walter J. Eno
Assistant Professor
English, Maritime History



Paul G. Hirst
Assistant Professor
Marine Law



Alan McNaughton
Instructor
Communications



Nautical Science

FACULTY



Lucian T. Page
Instructor
Seamanship, Cargo
Rules of Marine Inspection



Richard T. Rounds
Associate Professor
Meteorology, Navigation
Rules of the Road



Nautical Science



Louis A. Woodland
Associate Professor
Ship Construction



F. L. Dixon Yard
Instructor
Spanish

Nautical Science

FACULTY



John M. Cease
Assistant Professor
Math
Admissions Officer



James B. Crosby
Instructor
Diesel



William H. Hemmerly
Assistant Professor
Electricity, Refrigeration

Cdr. William H. Hemmerly
Chief Engineer—Training Ship
1967 Training Cruise



Engineering



William L. LaCasses, Jr.
Adjunct Instructor
Machine Shop



Angus E. MacLeod
Adjunct Instructor
Mechanical Drawing



Charles E. Maynard
Adjunct Instructor
Electricity

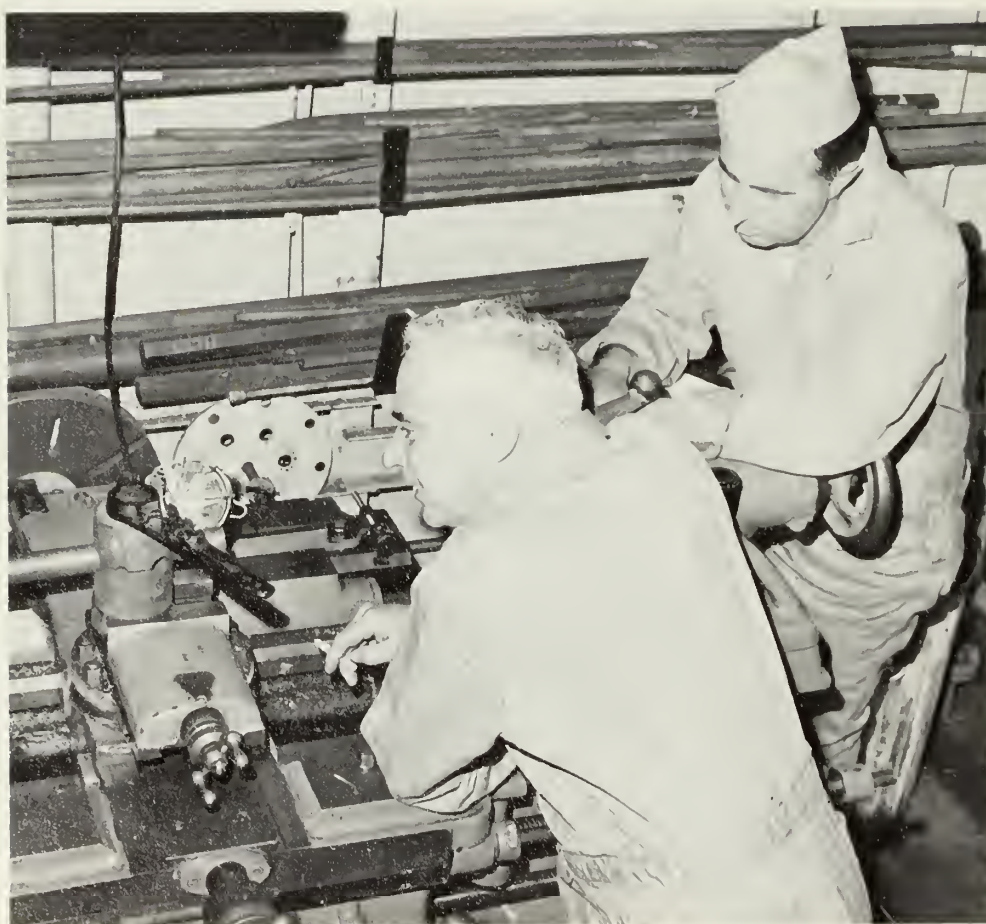


Engineering

FACULTY



Otto J. Mueller
Assistant Professor
Physics, Math



James M. Murray
Assistant Professor
Thermo Dynamics,
Steam Engines

Engineering



Harold C. Pratt
Instructor
Radio Electronics



Mario Tonello
Instructor
Steam Engines



Frederick H. G. Wright
Instructor
Boilers, Properties of Material



Engineering

FACULTY

LCDR Harold C. Morse, USN
Head, Department of Naval Science



THE MISSION

The mission of the Naval Science Department stems from the National Defense requirement and is primarily to train the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Midshipmen by conducting Naval Science courses in order that they, as prospective Merchant Marine Officers, may have some knowledge of naval procedure and further enhance their usefulness in the Merchant Marine while operating with Naval vessels in time of war.

The secondary mission is to provide those students who may pursue a Naval career with a background in naval procedure. The Secretary of the Navy is continuing his unswerving support, maintenance, and assistance wherever possible in areas, particularly with respect to future officers of the Merchant Marine, that will promote a strong Merchant Marine, fully recognizing the importance of the Merchant Marine to our great maritime nation. It follows that the primary responsibility for the Merchant Marine properly remains fixed with the Secretary of Commerce.

The Naval Science Department accomplishes the above mission through officers and highly trained enlisted men as Instructors who provide the students with a well-rounded course each semester either in Orientation, Naval Weapons, Naval History, Leadership, Operations or other courses whose path eventually leads to a commission as Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve.

TRAINING

Perhaps the least understood aspect of a Midshipman's education in a Merchant Marine Academy is his Naval Science training. Why should an aspiring Merchant Marine officer find himself involved with the Navy? True that a Naval Reserve Commission will satisfy one's service obligation while he is engaged with the Merchant Marine, but this is only one facet of the relationship.

It is difficult while at the Academy for the Middy to realize the parallel role that the Navy and the Merchant Marine have played in the past, and will in the future. In the years to come the world situation will bind the two more tightly together as the importance of keeping materials on the move—the art of logistics—becomes paramount to modern life.

A primary function of the Navy is to keep our shipping lanes, over which the lifeblood of commerce flows, open in spite of war or other national emergency. This requires close cooperation to ensure success, and the Merchant Marine officer will find himself involved in convoy, ship routing, and other tactical relations with the Navy, where all the knowledge he possesses of the Navy, and its operation, will be vital to the success of the missions.

Finally, an officer is an officer whether he finds himself on a cruiser or a freighter, and neither career has any favorites. The mission of the naval science course is primarily to develop desirable qualities in its students, such as discipline, leadership, and morale which are very much appreciated on any ship on any ocean.



NC Edmund F. Slusarski, USN
Administrative Assistant



Lt. Frederick D. Jessup, USNR
Instructor, Naval Science



Lt. Frederick D. Walker, USNR
Asst. Head, Department of
Naval Science



FTCS Warren F. Brooks, USN



MMC Charles A. McCall, USN
Instructor, Naval Science



GMG1 Marlon F. Timberlake, USN
Instructor, Naval Science

STAFF



Dr. William E. Dawson
Academy Physician



Bernard L. Gilmetti
Athletic Director



Alvin Anteen
Supply Officer



OFFICE STAFF

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Johnson, Miss Kathleen M. Robbins, Mrs. Delina O'Hare,
Mrs. Jeanne D. Keating, Miss Evelyn L. Cronin, Mr. Keith N. Hartford, Jr.



Mrs. Phyllis R. Sprague
Librarian



J. A. Alden
Seaman



M. A. Avancena
Ch. Cook



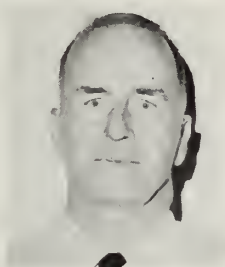
E. Figueiredo
Cook



J. W. Fonseca
Messman



R. G. Coghlan
Principal Clerk



W. A. Kent
Storekeeper,
Radio Op.



J. E. Lackie
Cook



A. M. Lima
Messman



G. M. Lima
Seaman



W. M. Lima
Cook



C. L. Raymond
Ship Repair.



J. G. Reed
Messman



L. F. Reed, Jr.
Messman



A. L. Moniz
Cook



R. D. Ripley
Boatswain



A. R. Sacht
Master-at-arms



B. W. Selfe
Carpenter



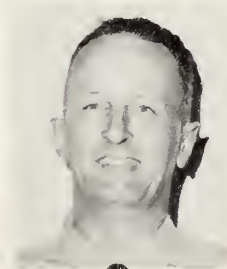
A. P. Tassinari
Pharmacist



C. C. Tatro
Messman



J. R. Tavares
Bldg. Custodian



R. D. Thompson
Motor Repair.



J. C. Hall, Jr.
Seaman

ACTIVITIES



The Making of a



Well-Rounded Midshipman



RING DANCE

Tradition was served with the dipping of the ring into the mariner's binnacle. The ceremony symbolizes the marriage of each man to the sea, confirming the true course he is to sail throughout life.

During the course of the evening, a precise exhibition of the Manual At Arms is displayed by the second class Honor Guard. Many long hours of practice are spent by the guard for this event.



Tradition Is Served At Annual Ring Dance Ceremonies.



Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Doherty, parents of Mid'n Dan Doherty, Ring Dance Chairman





BAND

COLOR GUARD





NEWMAN CLUB



Newman Club officers pose with Mr. Dorsey.

CIRCLE K CLUB



PROPELLER CLUB



THE PROPELLER CLUB

For the first time in several years Mass. Maritime Academy's student propeller club swung into action in 1966-67.

Club officers were elected from the first class and with the combined effort of Lieutenant Commander McNaughton, the club adviser, a treasury was established with which the club could operate.

Programs were initiated which benefited all midshipmen in the club. Club members broadened their understanding of the maritime field through slides, movies and an occasional speaker.

Through the kindness of Boston Tow Boat Company, a schedule was set up by which interested midshipmen, two at a time, were able to spend a Saturday aboard a tug boat and watch its operation, on deck as well as in the engine room.

It's been a good year for the Propeller Club and we feel that the club is moving up the ladder along with the academy activities.

RIFLE TEAM



Front: Janes, Riley, Mercandanti, Semple. Rear: Mr. Selfe, Malley, Begin, Hamblett, Ruell.

GOLF TEAM



Welch, McPhee, Gunning, Colpus.



L. to R.: Farrar, McNamara, Culbert, Collins, MacGregor, Suslak, King, Fife, Mochi, Kopcak. Seated: Taube.

SAILING

This year the MMA Yatch Basin was alive with activity. The "upperjobs" continued their usual practice of piloting the Aqua-Cats across every reef and sandbar in the area. Mr. Yard aged ten years but was astounded by the seemingly impossible maneuvers we pulled off. The salty commands like "Stand by for a bat-urn," were usually enough to bring tears to his eyes. Meanwhile a "No upperjobs need apply," program was started for the serious sailors in the underclass. The donation of two Shields Class boats by Mr. Cornelius Shields prompted this maneuver. M.M.A. will soon have a top notch sailing team and races with the other academies are in the planning stage. The upperjobs, however, will be denied a chance to disprove Mr. Page's theory that this is a generation of "Iron ships and wooden heads". How about it Blair?

ROWING

This year the Massachusetts Maritime Academy will again participate in the seaman's oldest sport. Our crews were perennial in years past, but the Academy dropped the sport during the war years. Rowing was reactivated in 1965 by Lt. F. L. Dixon Yard, its present coach and the team started right where it had left off. The "65" crew won the National Pulling Boat Championship in Washington, D. C., much to the chagrin of our sister academies. In 1966 despite impressive victories over Columbian and Mexican Naval Academies we lost the "Big One" in New York City. This year the third varsity rowing crew since the sports revitalization will try and recapture that crown. Due to the early graduation Jim Brown and Don Nelson, members of the "65" crew, will be denied another try. They will, however, be ably replaced by returning veterans Bruce MacGregor, Gerry Culbert, Skip Kopkac, and Terry MacNamara. With all this beef and an assist from some of the brawnier members of the third class, Coach Yard is confident that we will recapture the trophy in "67".



Culbert, McNamara, Nadeau, Fife, Nelson, Hickson.

SOCCER



Front: Ruell, Barker, Guertin, Brown, Covell, Lindquist, Madeau. 2nd: Barrett, Derby, Svenson, Carriere, Ford, McAlear, Callahan. 3rd: Barufoldi, Smith, Boussy, Nelson, Sullivan, Fahery, Ward. 4th: Gibney, Clark, Niles, Palmer, Stukis, Kenyon.



L. to R.: Coaches Gilmetti and Eno, Mid'n Covell and Barker, Capt. Stein.



"M.M.A. has a soccer team?" This is the thought of 90% of the mid-dies and crew of the Bay State, or at least it was when we played our first season here. Then the team only had two upperjobs on it, while this year our class contributed twelve.

Playing organized collegiate soccer isn't an easy task at MMA. Very few have ever played soccer before coming here, but we make up a team. This seasons 15 games schedule found us with 6 wins and 9 losses. We were in a 3 way tie for first place in the Colonial League and in a playoff with tough Barrington we ended up tied for second place. Barrington went on to win both the south and North Division crowns.

The Mariners have had their share of All-Stars, and the class of 67 has contributed four; namely: Co-Captain Jim Brown, Don Lindquist, Tom Barker and Co-Capt. Rich Covell. The other graduating members of the team are Mike Ryan, Dave Ward, Ed Callahan, Steve Nadeau, Don Nelson, Dick Guertin, Larry Sullivan and Jay Svenson (retired).

This year we were able to schedule games with Kings Point and New York Maritime. Although we lost both games by a goal (0-1 vs. Kings Point and in overtime 1-2 vs. New York) we showed them we are alive up here and this gives us something to fight for next year.

Our coach, Mr. Eno, who before coming here had no previous experience as a soccer player or coach, managed to run the team through our three soccer seasons. Surely we didn't expect miracles. Our practice was always begun with a quick, hard workout followed by an extensive skull session where Mr. Eno showed us step by step, how the BOOK says to do it. During the games he used the strategy of substituting key players at vital times to insure an advantage over our opponents.

Co-captains Brown and Covell will be succeeded in 1967 by Co-captains Ray Barufaldi and Bob Ford.

The class of "67" wish the new coach Mr. Gilmetti all the luck in the world and advise the team never to lose the M.M.A. drive.



CROSS COUNTRY

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

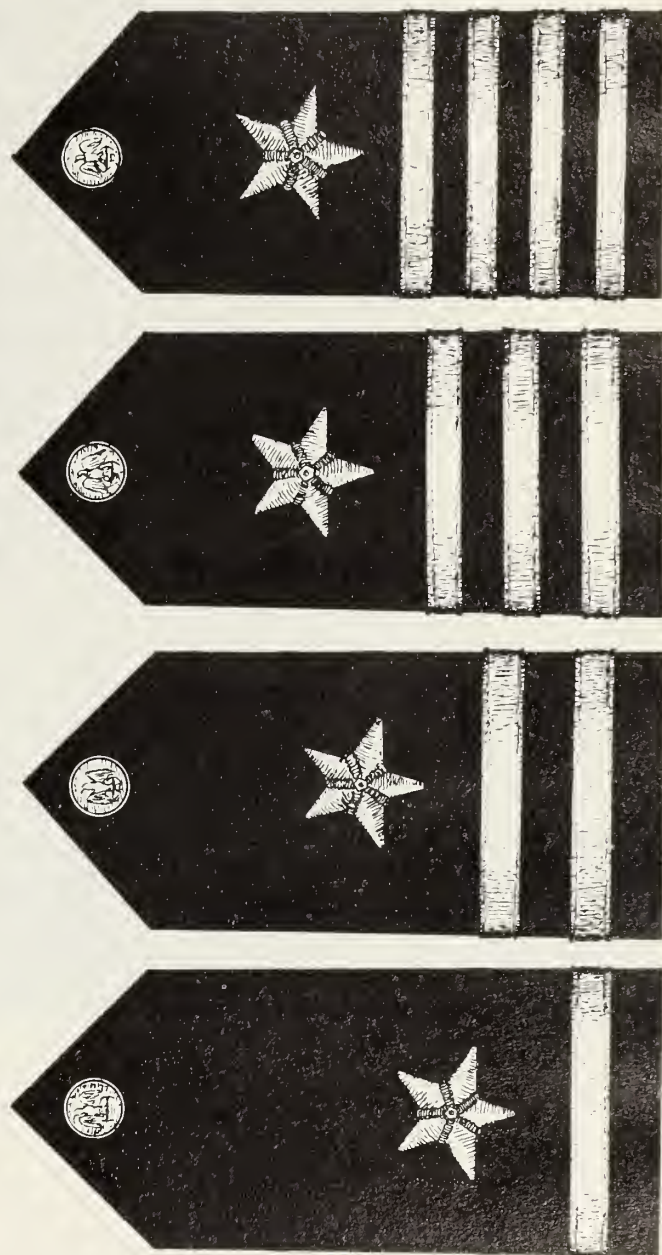
Front: Hardy, Franzen, Fife, Doherty.
Coach Gilmetti. Rear: Lucas, Janes, Moir,
Olderich.



CRUISES



The Deep-Water Sailor



Must Know The Ways of the World

CRUISE—1965

We lost a few on the way, but the class of "67" was finally ready to make its first cruise.

"This is your first port fellas, Don't make it your last." Such was the fatherly warning given to us as we stepped off the quarterdeck in Baltimore. As green as we were we quickly found the city's scenic attractions such as the "block", the "Gaity", "203 Club", and all the "palm reading shops" that littered East Baltimore Street.





Wallets thinner we left for Curacao where after a ten day run, we delivered our cargo of unpicked fruit to the expert pickers of Campo Allegro "fruit farm". This duty-free port also proved to be a mecca for souvenir hunters and our class picked up many articles at almost give-away prices. Being our first tropical port, we gobbled up bennies and came away with some fantastic tans and sunburns.





Barnados welcomed us with parties and cordial British hospitality. For a small island it displayed an abundant number of restaurants and fine shops. Such places as "Harry's", and "New Yorker" gave us memorable and lasting impressions with their delicacies and tempting plates.

After dawdling around for four days, we sailed next door to Trinidad and took advantage of the facilities of the Naval Base and also in Port Au Spain.

CRUISE — 1965

Each port has its own specialities and it takes a middy to find them. Here amid the usual beaches and palm trees we quickly learned that the cabbies were our best friends and could show us anything and everything from banana farms to souvenirs.

When we arrived in Baranquilla, we found the city in the midst of their Carnival Fiestas which were very similar to our Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Houses (of all kinds) were opened to us and those who cared to really learned a great deal about the Colombian's emotional makeup. In this emerald city, where gems could be bought at a fraction of normal domestic cost. Everywhere we went in the marketplace, in the center of town, in the suburbs, we were met by throngs of curious people. It was common to draw crowds of over fifty people by simply stopping to buy something at one of the many sidewalk shops.





What saved Brownsville was Matamoros Mexico across the Rio Grande. As in other ports, we showed our powers in acquiring souvenirs from the open-air markets. We also visited "Boys Town" which was completely different from the one in Nebraska.

Miami was a six pointed star in our eyes. It didn't take long to find out that it isn't all it's "tooted up" to be. Being middies though, we made our own good times.



CRUISE — 1965



By this time we had had our share of traveling. The thought of pulling into Boston on St. Patrick's Day only made the thought of home more desirable.

For many of us it took only a few days at home to succumb to cruise fever. The thought of another year of classes, the graduation of our first class and the arrival of a new third class seemed but a flash in the pan to the times that would come.





CRUISE 1966

This cruise came later than usual but the times we had more than compensated for the delay.

Everyone heard of Bermuda during College Week, but not one of us was fully prepared for being outnumbered by girls eight to one. They were everywhere, so were we! From the sandy beaches to the visiting cruise liners, we made the rounds figuratively and literally. Some rented motor bikes; some borrowed them; some had hotel rooms and some (most of us) stayed nights on the beach.



St. Thomas came like the morning after the "big night". It was Easter weekend and the sidewalks were rolled up tight. No shops were open and the people had retreated inside to observe the holy days. By Saturday night things were beginning to open. The people woke up to the fact that we had money to spend.



CRUISE — 1966

A pile of rock called Aruba was our next port of call. One of the world's largest oil refineries and desalting plants is located on this island. It's tankertown of San Nicholas soon brought scores of middies to explore all the deep tanks and scrub growth that littered the whole area.

"Revolution si, election no!" that's Colombia for you. Cartagena was in the midst of national elections and barely found time to welcome us with open arms. However, there were a few open houses that still accepted us for what we were. Even the Colombian Maritime Academy, managed to roll out and extended red carpet for our entire stay. We repaid them by romping their rowing team and graciously losing to them in soccer.





CRUISE — 1966

"Welcome U.S. Navy", they must have meant us. Upon arrival in Vera Cruz, a little fellow came aboard to distribute wallet cards to the fashionable El Ranchito. While some went there and other places, a few of us were invited to actually become part of a Mexican family for a few days. The food, souvenirs and people were without equal. It was ironic that our arrival coincided with a Russian freighter and that two of us should be docked next to each other. We made the most of it though and wound up drawing more visitors and making more friends than any of us could possibly remember.





CRUISE — 1966

The trip to Port Canaveral was started with the ship's first operation at sea since World War II. The rest of the trip was spent racing to Florida to correct the after effects of this endeavor. Ol' D.D. kept the patient literally in stitches.

The space center of the nation opened its door to us. Besides an inside tour of the launch area there was also a formal ball which provided many of us with dates for the rest of the stay. Here, we proved ourselves adept surfers and super beach bums. One lucky middy was even given a car by a perfect stranger with no strings attached.

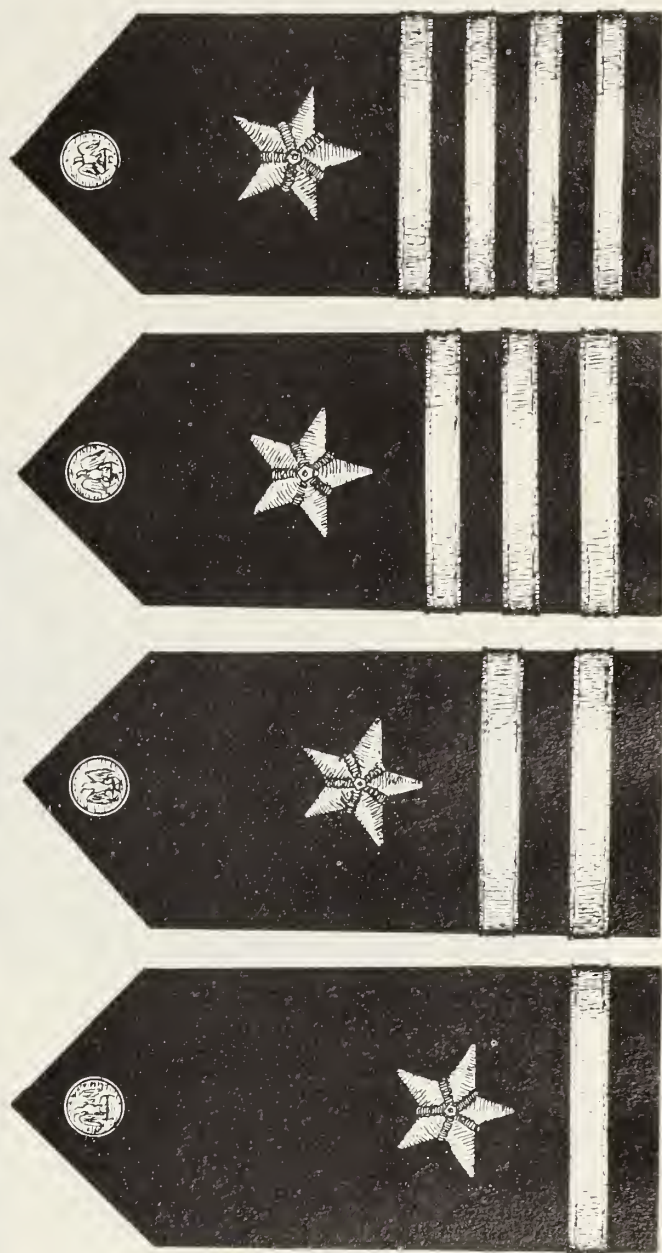
New York was both a boon and a bust. If you could avoid the high prices, you could have a good time. We were even given overnight liberty which until that time was almost unheard of. Some of us went home; some visited; and some just stayed out. Perhaps the only disappointment was losing the pulling boat race to King's Point — Ugh, of all the people! Oh well, you can't win them all.

"Hey! We're upperjobs!" was the cry that came from the second job side of the compartments as we pulled into the gulch. Yet, none of us really minded for it was a good cruise, as was the one before it. Ahead of us lay hard work and early graduation.

SENIORS



Independent of Mind, Professionally Competent,



Such Is The Merchant Mariner

THE DECK

Mate! ——— A designation that the deck midshipmen enthusiastically anticipate. Just what does becoming a deck officer entail? Here at the Academy three years of study and three training cruises are required before a midshipman qualifies to sit for a Third Mates License.

The first year is spent building up the fundamental social sciences necessary for any leader which consist of literature, history, foreign language, economics, advanced math, and physics. The first cruise is intended only to introduce the third classman to the mariner's life. His tasks are menial and give him an idea of what will be expected of him later.

During the second year the second classman begins to study some of the subjects which will be his bread and butter when he graduates. He must become skillful in the art of Navigation, and letter perfect in Rules of the Road. He also studies seamanship, ships construction, plane and spherical trigonometry, communications and shipping operations. On his second cruise he gains valuable experience as navigator, quartermaster, and lookout.

The third year, the last long haul, is spent wholly on professional subjects and license preparation.

A first classman must be able to obtain a fix on the high seas by the sun, moon, and

FIRST DIVISION

McPhee, Murray, Doherty, Banda, Fritz.



Richard P. Toomey
Bn. Adjutant

SECOND DIVISION

Mr. McNaughton, Lightbody, Malley, Ilacqua, Nelson, Svenson, Plezia (kneeling).



DIVISIONS

stars and in coastal waters by use of piloting. He must also be well versed in the use of Loran, Radar, Radio Direction Finders, magnetic and gyro compasses, sextants, and sounding apparatus.

In addition in order to make a good mate he must be able to operate and communicate with a blinker light and code flags, be efficient in the proper stowage and care of all kinds of cargo, understand the changes in weather and be able to make short range weather forecasts. To this he must add a working knowledge of the Rules of Marine Inspection and Maritime Law in order to be completely informed of all his responsibilities

and liabilities in respect to the vessel, its cargo and its passengers.

The last cruise is the most important because it affords the midshipman a chance to make use of all he has learned standing watches as the Officer of the Watch while underway. Subject to the OOD he is in command of the vessel and all of its functions. Valuable experience is also gained as a navigator and a boswain's mate.

Succeeding graduation he is fully capable of going aboard a merchant ship as Third Officer and hearing for the first time the long awaited greeting, "Welcome aboard MATE."



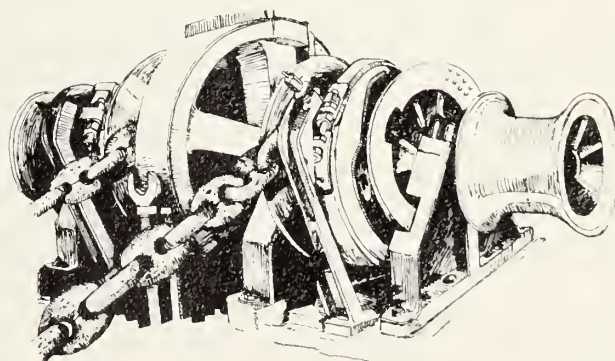
THIRD DIVISION

Nowd, Dunn, Gunning, Colpus, Harrington, Mr. Page



NAVIGATION DIVISION

Welsh, Nadeau, Toomey





LEE VINCENT BANDA

510 Murray Avenue
Cherry Hill, New Jersey

On July 6th, the silence of MMA was disturbed by the thunderous roar of an XKE, and lo and behold he was one of us. Just as the "smoothereo" of his car made his appearance well known to the Middies, so did his magnetic attraction to mischief make his presence well known to the Kangaroo Court.

We all find some one to trust, to be faithful to, to enjoy spending time with. Lee was no exception. Lee and Russ would always be willing to share their seat on the hatch. Lee's farewell party for the class of '66 will be well remembered by all.

Bell Inc. was soon taken over and managed by L.V.B. with the sales pitch: "Be 21 or be gone".

Meetings with the Board were common with Lee as he got to know the officers well, sometimes too well. But he soon settled down to take things serious, after burning the midnight oil, his favorite time of day, and he came out blooming like a rose. Best of luck with the Jet Set.



RONALD EDWARD COLPUS

35 Granite Street
Melrose, Massachusetts

When the fiscal year for "The Gussano" came to an abrupt end, (installation of burglar proof parking meters) Gussy made his break from Massachusetts General Hospital, and came to the Massachusetts Maritime Academy to begin his quest for a quiet and peaceful life.

As his reputation and weekend seniority grew, he became head man on Ron Carol's faro squad, activated each Saturday night (or should we say Sunday morning).

The year passed, and having driven the upper jobs out, he made his berth in #2 hole, taking his place in the last remaining class.

After a rough start, the turmoil came to a lull and Gussy was left in peace to deal with the problems at hand like "Roteney". Only through a wealth of patience, attention and tenacity was Gussy able to conquer this vicious and pugnacious two striper. Yes, Gussy is truly a warrior who has suffered many wounds and carries roughly 220 battle scars. How does she survive? Perhaps it is from the guidance of "Bill", for Ron was without a doubt A.F.O.B.





WILLIAM HENRY DOHERTY

1 Old Colony Lane
Arlington, Massachusetts

The class of '67 found many festery 2nd jobs as they began their three year terms at the Academy, but none could surpass the "Dora". Third division will remember him especially. If you sleazyed away or you crossed his track the wrong way, you would hear the inevitable "Pony, Pony, he won't do this for me". Dora never stopped, and even when it came time for him to tread, he was still active with his antics.

As a 2nd job tread he soon mended his ways and left us alone, although the urge to fester never left him.

When it came time for him to take his punishment in the barrel, the crying started, "my back, my back". He took a lot on the chin, however being from Savin Hill, need we say more.

The final touch then came when all his previous tantalizing of us became his own fate. Dora, with his moving just to depress someone found himself in the hospital with Mono. He had to wait to take his C. G. exams. However the school took pity and allowed his to have his final exams and to graduate.

All in all you're OK kid. We really mean it. See you around.



EDWARD I. DUNN
80 Cherry Street
Brockton, Massachusetts



As Youngies we all had our problems but Eddie had Paul Kellaher. We'd say "how about doing this for me Ed." and receive the reply "but Paul wants me to....".

Most of us, finished our Youngie year, but the real challenge was the 2nd term, 2nd job year, especially for Eddie. The hurdles in Navigation seemed just too much and Eddie was among the number to take the 16 hrs. of remakes.

In the compartment you would hear among the chatter, Ed talking about his fabulous adventures as he cruised "the Strip", in his autographed Baracutta jacket.

As upper on job Ed. was Mr. Yard's protegee with his cry "why does everything happen on my watch."

His resemblance to Mr. Eno grew more pronounced towards the end of his career at the Academy. How did he lose his hair? Did it just fall out or was it washed away by his sweating with concern brought on by letters from "the outside"? We'll never know. Here's our salute to you Ed!



JOHN PETER FRITZ
12 Tusker Avenue
Cranston, Rhode Island

Ahl be be there . . . After serving with Socony Vacuum (Peter's middle name) Papa found himself too salty to be grounded on his floating home, so he decided to disseminate his nautical knowledge to the officers and men of M.M.A., thus beginning his reign as the old salt of the class.

At the very beginning of the youngie year, Peter's ability immediately established his position with his classmates, and he not only escaped working his way up through the "hause-pipe", but started from the top, in the chartroom. This proved to be his base of operation for the years to come.

During his second class year Peter's capacities proved to be most advantageous. Rather than bring back the usual items required to sustain a second job, such as Coffee, Cookies, and skin books, Peter built up a supply of Tareyton and Elmers glue-all; the necessary equipment for success in bridge work.

With the arrival of his first class year, stripes were given out, and who should be first in line receiving the honors, none other than Papa. Good luck Peter, and smooth sailing in those smelly oil boats.



ROBERT W. GUNNING
10 Hatchville Road
Hatchville, Massachusetts

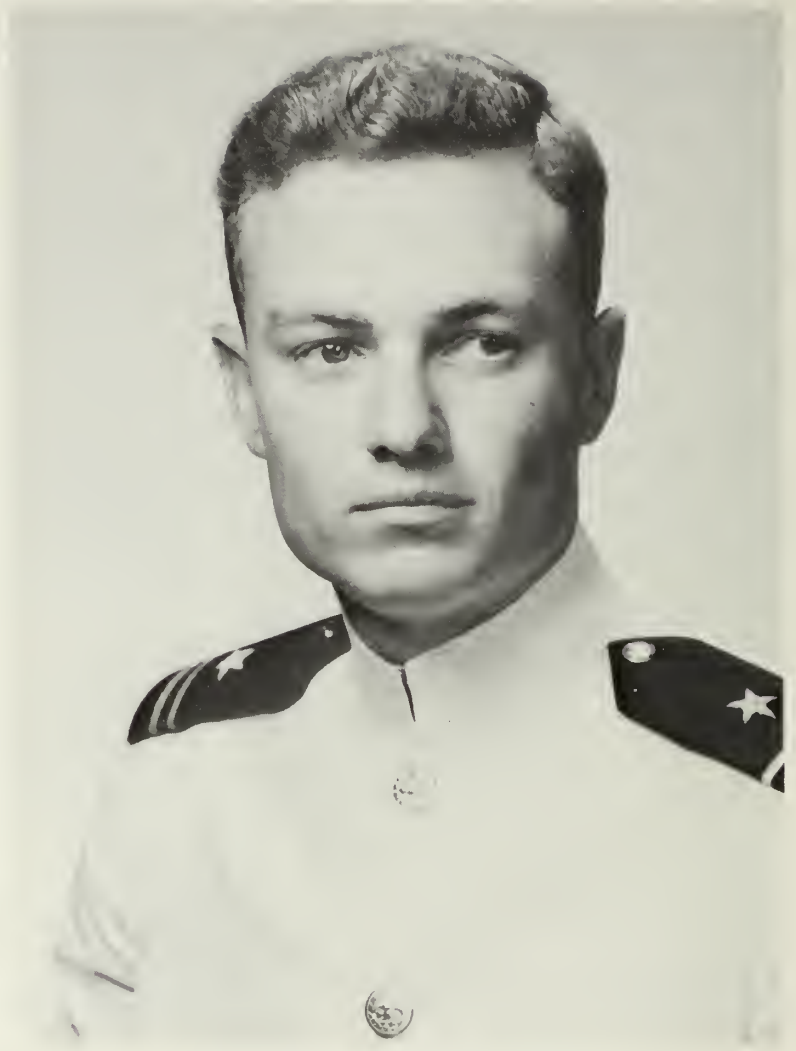
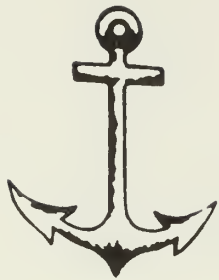


"Gunning reporting sir!!! Sunsets at 09-69-28 and the Cape is out of control". Hatchville's representative to the Ship of Fools became an immediate hit with his classmates. His stirring accounts of his life and loves at that real college Wake Forest sustained us through the darkest hours of our youngie year.

His saltiness (Schooner Rigged) and willingness to work (Sure I can correct charts Cdr. I did it on the Tabor Boy".) earned him a pal in Nav. Div. and a stripe from his pal. When Bubby started to tire of his stripes he consulted Mr. Dorsey as to the fastest was to be relieved of them. Mr. Dorsey not only arranged his retirement at a striper but obtained plenty of weekend hours for him to work on our yearbook.

Gunner Numble was hesitant about our using the title he won as the "world's ugliest human" and in his biography we were only able to obtain his permission by promising not to use his other title "Death Breath". We know that Bobby will take our ribbing here just as he has taken it for three years. We wish him luck on his European tour with Betsy Do and the Don'ts.

See you in the Vatican, Bubby!!



WARREN T. HARRINGTON
Hamblin Farm Road
Wellfleet, Massachusetts

This "Begger" came from about as far down the Cape as you can, and still be in the Western hemisphere.

From the beginning he was a real spend-thrift, always throwing his money around. He came back from each cruise with more money than he had when he left.

Bitter "Wellfleet Warren" never doubted that it was a "Deckie" he wanted to be and no one excelled in the "Salty Subjects" as he did.

When he became the "Two Striper" of the Third Division, Mr. Page's worries were over for "Waaren" was at the helm and kept everything on the "fantail" well in hand.

To our salty classmate and brother seaman we wish him a good course as he sails the seven seas.



ANTHONY F. ILACQUA
86 Edwin Street
North Quincy, Massachusetts

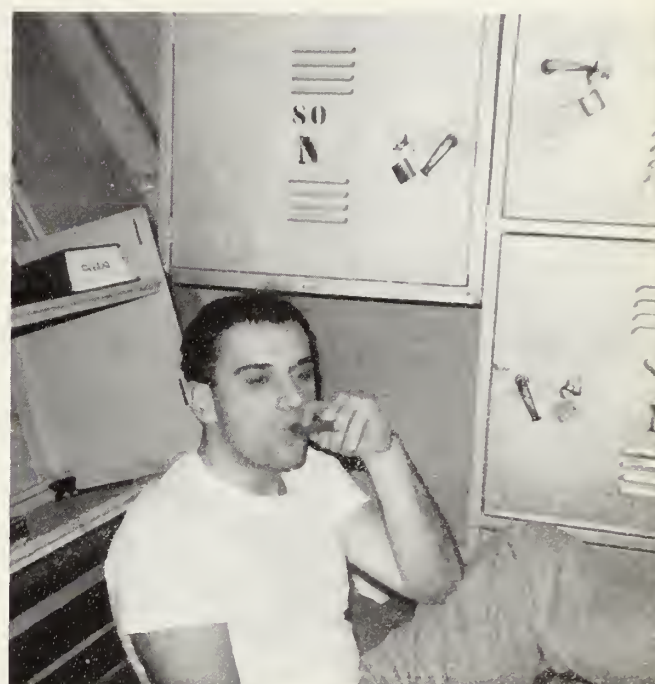
From one year of orientation, three years of study and a charm bracelet labeled "Cliffe" by his affectionate classmates, Tony came to M.M.A. from Quincy High (No I mean North Quincy High — Now I've lost big with the "Good Guy").

Tony took math as his major and excelled in it all the way through school.

He really came into his own when he took over the previously lax Circle K Club at the Academy and turned it into one of the best known and admired clubs among the Eastern Colleges.

The "Good Guy" was always a worker and when he became "One Striper" in Second Division he never failed to carry more than his fair share and keep the second jobs on their toes.

To a real seaman at heart and a conscientious leader — Bon Voyage Tony!





WILLIAM L. LIGHTBODY
47 Pratt Street
Framingham, Massachusetts

Not from the G.M. assembly line but definitely from "Fwaamingham", Bill came to the Academy on a special program whereby he put in a year or so and then went to sea for some experience, later to return to M.M.A. and complete his studies.

Bill was always unusually popular with his classmates and one night even gave a fine demonstration under pressure of how to use a fire extinguisher.

Nothing can be taken from Bill, for, it must be agreed that no one wanted to get through the Academy any more than he did — and you made it Bill.

For a good fellow with a heart as big as anyones, we wish you the best of luck and smooth sailing!



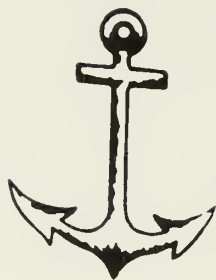
STEPHEN G. MALLEY
16 Durant Street
West Roxbury, Massachusetts

In the summer of 1964, the U.S. Air Force suffered its greatest loss, when the celebrated "fast flyboy" parachuted to the decks of the Bay State, bearing gifts of jergens hand lotion and avon nail hardener.

During his three year hitch at the Academy, Steve's qualities of leadership and growing maturity made him a standout. In fact there were many nights when he never got off his feet.

Steve seemed to be the exception that proved the rule, but we never found out what the rule was. His talents were not understood by his peers, but the faculty seemed to value in his performance, as he came up with two stripes as a first job. Quietly suffering the slings and arrows of life, we expect that Steve will fit into the system in his new found career in the Coast Guard.





JOHN R. McPHEE
Cedar Cove Road
East Orleans, Massachusetts

One stormy day a tidal wave was reported to have hit the shores of Nauset Beach. The next month the Great White Tuna was found picking himself up off the grounds of M.M.A. After a thorough search of the area, he concluded that his surfboard was no longer in existence and he decided to join the rest of the marooned squids. After rigid interregation by the upperjobs it was learned that Jack had an unfair advantage over all of us for he had spent several of the previous years observing the real college life of Clarkson and Boston University.

In his first year of service Jack was seldom heard from, for he spent his spare time devising methods to escape weekend restrictions in order to make his weekly contribution to the G.W.T. of "dime draughties" at the "Ho".

After weathering the storm of his youngie year, we found Jack reporting for his second job duties in his most modern possession, a Model A Ford which served well as his own personal brew wagon. The months passed, his wit grew, his marks rose even higher, and Jack found himself among the tall men on the totem pole for which he was soon duly rewarded. Jack was appointed boss man of UNCLE TOM'S forecastle. With the attainment of such authority he was determined to prove his theory that the roost could be ruled better from the pad than from the pedestal.



RICHARD J. MURRAY
39 Nathaniel Road
Winchester, Massachusetts

Every crowd has a clown, and we had Howdy Doody. Freckles and Strings made our marionette show on the Rec. deck very realistic.

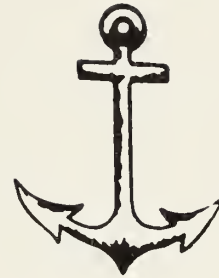
For some of us math was a problem; this is hitting the nail on the head with Rick. He trembled and shook when asked "Mr. Murray, do you know how to use that slide rule."

His desire to be among grease and grime, was foremost in his mind but the urbanity of Cdr. Connors attracted him to the forward compartment. He was also plagued with the laundry problems for the entire ship.

The clean swept bulkheads of CPO according to Mr. Eno left nothing to be desired except Rusty. His form: plump and jovial was just what 1 D needed.

We all had problems with our Navy physicals but Dumpy had the biggest. His Metrecal cookies and Nelly sweat suit soon made his figure so ????? that even the Navy wouldn't???? Rusty away.

We know with Pernelli Jones at the helm all will be safe at sea. Provided there are no toll booths along the way. Good luck and make sure you come to the first reunion alone.





STEPHEN E. NADEAU
77 Andover Road
Billerica, Massachusetts

Class ten-hut! "Psst. Why are we at a ten-Hut?" whispered the upperjob, "He's only a youngie". Quiet said his pal, that's the Professor! For the next three years our encyclopedia of useless information lectured us on everything from topsails to ganganeka. "That's no way to square me away", he told his upperjobs, "I'll tell you how to square me away." And thus want it or not, we could always rely on Steve for the information.

Steve has a little head start on all of us because of his experience as a two star admiral in the Sea Scout Navy. His gung-ho attitude was soon to be felt during maintenance, on the Soccer Field and in the pulling boats. Never content to come in second, Steve always kept plugging and this bore fruit when he became a member of the be-lated stripers. Being a striper, however, didn't stop his frequent purges and the cry of "Where's fast flyboy" and "Where's ol baldy" ran through the Deckie Comp. every night. Steve will never be a "Dreamer" and we know he will make a fine Mate or a fine Professor.



DONALD E. NELSON
6 Coolidge Road
Nahant, Massachusetts

Nelly was a seaman of unquestionable ability, until our first run through the Canal, when he voluntarily decorated the side of the ship. The theme that he expressed so well, never ceased during his entire deep sea career, in the Canal and elsewhere.

After the first cruise, when Admiral Nelson found his Achilles heel he set his sights on the field of football with Gail being his only cheerleader, but he soon awoke from his dreams of Gail, and football, and started reading books. This reading was not just to pass his idle time, but all of it.

He would often fight Rusty for his sweat suit, as his Nahant sport suits (dress whites) were getting a little tight.

He will be remembered by all, especially Cdr. Connors and Olson. We know "Nelly" will make his own life good because we saw him reading a book called "The Great Imposter". Best of everything. See you at Nahant March 4th.





JOSEPH P. NOWD, JR.

739 Cambridge Street
Brighton, Massachusetts

Whether or not "Wabbit" came to M.M.A. with his love of "good" reading material developed or not might be an arbitrary question. Nonetheless he is an avid reader and can always be found in his "pad" with a book.

From the watchful eyes of St. E's in Brighton, Joe came to Buzzards Bay with engineering on his mind, but he saw the light and became a "Deckie" and a real communications expert in the process.

"This place is great" was Joe's favorite upperjob and has been recommended without reservation to have a notation put on his license as having had the most "pad-hours" in the class. In the future it is a certainty that Joe will keep up with the Best Seller List and that he will admirably represent the Academy in the industry.





EDWIN W. PLEZIA
28 Enfield Street
Pawtucket, Rhode Island

"Aw-wight, Aw-wight, leave me alone. I'm awake, I mean I'm studying, can't you see my Bowdich".

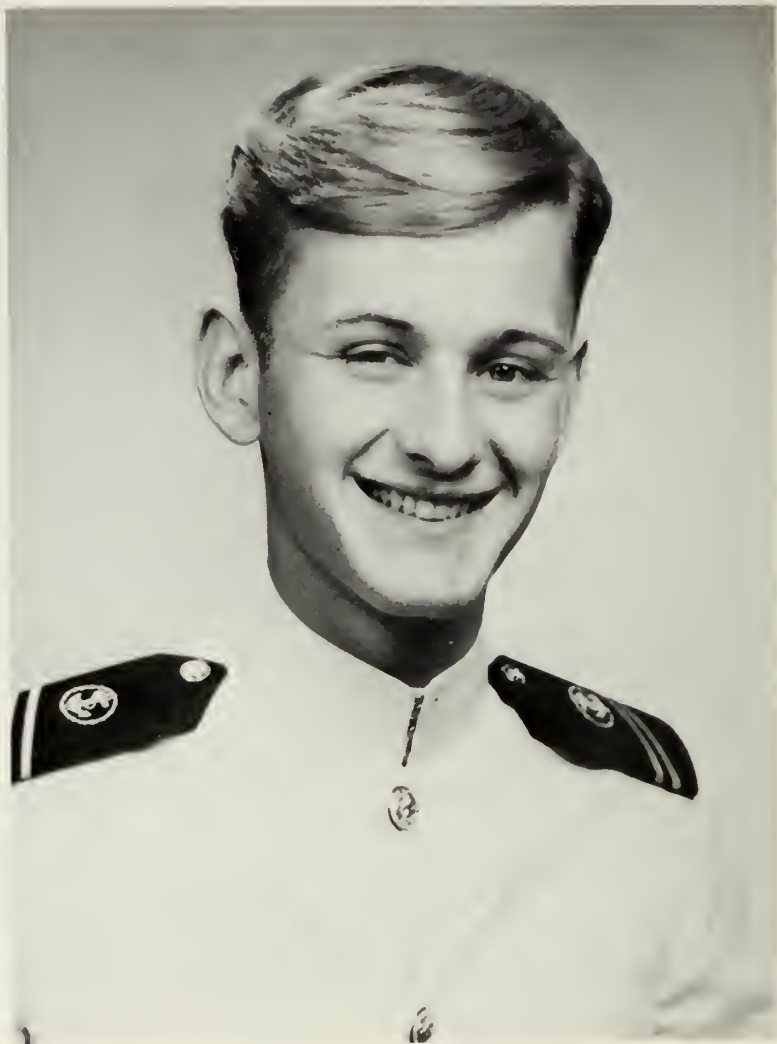
Among Ed's many activities Mr. Yard found Ed to be a master sailor to say the least. We still have many spare tillers just in case Ed visits during the next year or two.

At first it was "Fella, Fella, why aren't you studying"? Then the truth came out. "Fella, Fella, are you in love or something"? But we all know that Ed was just tired, from what we don't know.

We all had fun on the cruise, but to Ed it seemed like baby sitting, trying to keep Fred and Jay out of trouble. Isn't that right Fred? What do you mean, Jay was the one who started everything? He took her first and then

Eddy's dream of a schooner will come to pass some day. We are all sure of that. It might not be very big just enough for him and his wife, but he'll get it. See you soon. Best of luck.





JOHN H. SEIFERTH
1428 Lorraine Road
Reading, Pennsylvania

After a trial run at the Maine Academy, M.M.A. caught John on the rebound and didn't let go for four years.

During his stay "Quiet John" earned the friendship and admiration of all with whom he worked. Testimony to his position in the class was manifest by his being awarded the Fuller Award at graduation. He also gained recognition from many members of the community including the preacher's daughter.

Working hand in hand with Tony Ilacqua, John helped raise the Circle K to National recognition. He proved himself a very hard worker and deserving second string striper. Best wishes to John and his new bride from all of us at M.M.A.

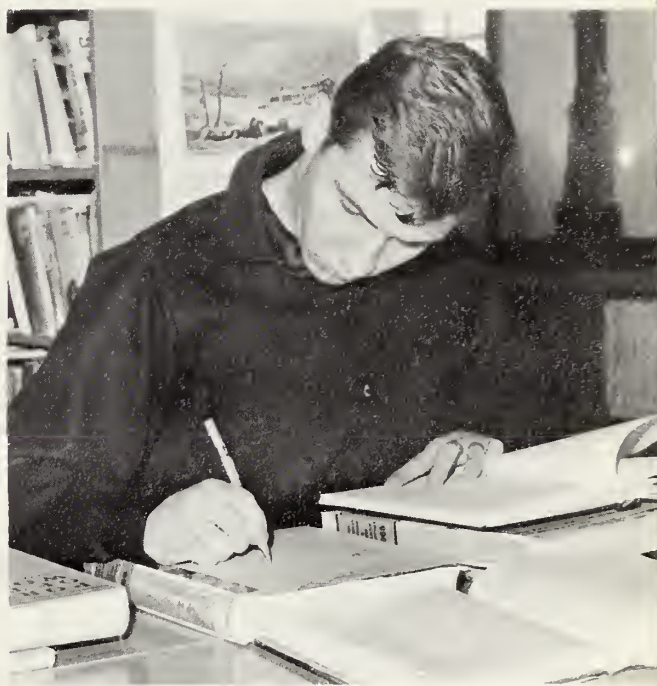


JAY F. SVENSON
16 Emerald Road
Nahant, Massachusetts

Will our hero, the Viking Wonder-Boy conquer the forces of evil? Will his mind be reduced to that of a delt by the mysterious magic of Lightberger? Will he marry his voluptuous red-headed sidekick or Rosa, the Spanish spy? Will his name be inscribed with those of Ray Pal and the other Nahanterers of years gone by, on the scroll of heroes in Valhalla?

These are the questions that have been plaguing us in the three years since Jay boarded the "Batship Wieb" believing the Bay State to be a big Viking Warship (Of course I'm sure. . . Colpus told me!) Jay has enjoyed his stay here at the Academy. He spent so much time standing on the fantail looking for the "sweep ear" that he was given a stripe. Because this Wonder-Boy's activities took so much time, Jay soon retired as a striper although this forced him to end his weekend jaunts to the Big City with "Bison Breath" Butler.

Jay has always been one of the top students in our class and one of the best liked. We know that when he becomes Wonder-Mate it will be just the beginning of a long and prosperous career. Smooth sailing Jay!





RICHARD P. TOOMEY
5 Hancock Street
Somerville, Massachusetts

When we were young we often heard Toom cry "This place". This was brought about by his membership in the 3rd division. Just prior to graduation, even though he achieved good standing in all areas, he changed his division from 3rd to Nav., and you could still hear him say "This place"

Because of his resemblance to the missing link he was called "cave-man," but it was only the first of many such names like "Rev. Mr. Black", "Preacher," and "Jo-Jo II". As 2nd jobs we were undecided on many things as a group, but not Toom. Once he made up his mind he let the man on the red carpet know about it, and a common reply was "you're not a 1st classman". When we were upper jobs, the reply was "That isn't what 1st classmen should do."

We all look up to "Randall Sebashtian", for his efforts. Rich would often correct you on the spot about something and he would do it with a quote from that infamous book "The Ginger Man". He is a person of fine character and will have no trouble in dealing with his future life. Take care and best of luck.



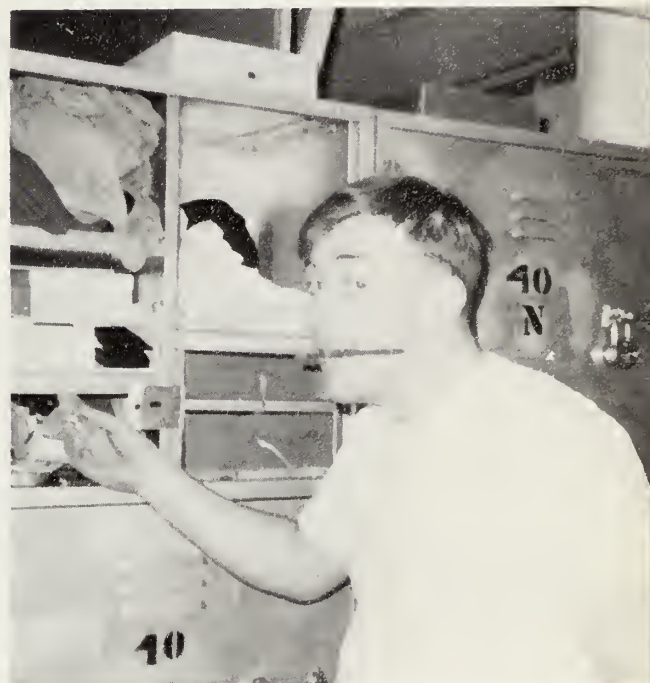
LEO A. WELCH, JR.
86 Brooks Street
Brighton, Massachusetts

In Leo Welch, Mass. Maritime gained an aggressive, stalwart, and persistent person. If he couldn't understand something, he would not sleep until he had found an answer. He was a worker and a plugger.

Being the custodian of some three hundred lockers in the forward compartment, he could seldom be stumped for some obscure or badly needed supply. If it was information, or help, Leo was always willing to chip away at the concrete, until you were helped.

Everyone will miss him, and the ship seems to look different without him. Leo is one of those people whose shoes will be difficult to fill.

A sincere good luck and smooth sailing to a fine shipmate.



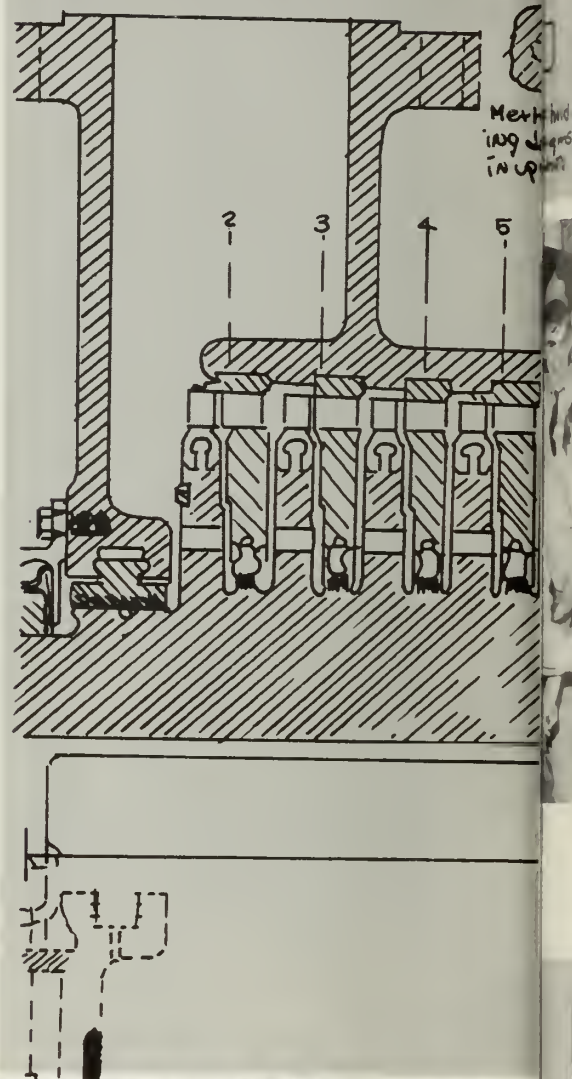
ENGINEERING

The purpose of the engineering course is to enable young men to become qualified marine engineers. This course has been designed with many facets, all of which will form officers capable of making sound and accurate decisions based on an academic background in subjects varying from engines and electricity to thermodynamics and nuclear power. The course emphasizes the acceptance of responsibility by utilizing the chain of command, inclusive of all classes, both on watch and during the academic day. Basic trades such as welding and machine work are taught in conjunction with the practical maintenance of the ship's machinery where the midshipmen utilize the knowledge of text and instruction with their hands.

Academically, the engineer is molded by concentrated study in all of the fields he will find on a ship and their supporting courses. The best example of a supporting course is thermodynamics as other courses in steam engines, boilers, evaporators, and refrigeration all utilize the principles of thermo. A background in calculus and analytic geometry facilitates explanations of theories in nuclear power, electricity, and electronics. The liberal arts of literature, economics, and history helps round out the character of the midshipman so that a man is formed instead of a machine.

During the cruise, practical work must be done quickly, accurately, and efficiently. The first class teach the underclassmen as officers supervise the first class. If a job is given to an engineer, he accepts the responsibility and does it. At sea, the midshipmen run the engines and make decisions each in turn of watch bill rotation. Naturally the Chief Engineer states what is to be done and a qualified officer is in the spaces at all times in case things may become out of hand.

When the courses have been successfully completed with the passing of the U.S.C.G. license exam, the engineering midshipmen become Third Assistant Engineers for any size vessel, diesel or steam, holders of a B.S. Degree in Marine Steam and Electrical Engineering, and are qualified for the U.S.N.R. as commissioned officers.



Charles T. Kintis, Jr.
Bn. Commander

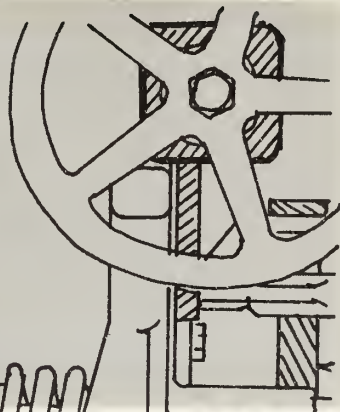
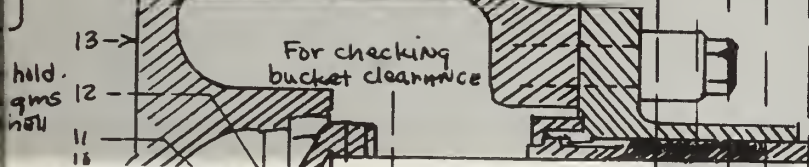


WATCH I

Front: Mercandante, Ryan, Arruda, Fassett. Rear:
Hickson, Lindquist, Jones, Butler, Campbell.



WATCHES



WATCH II

Front: Sullivan, Riley, Aldred Guertin. Rear: Manning, Carlozzi, Montembeault, O'Brien, Wing, Bechtold.



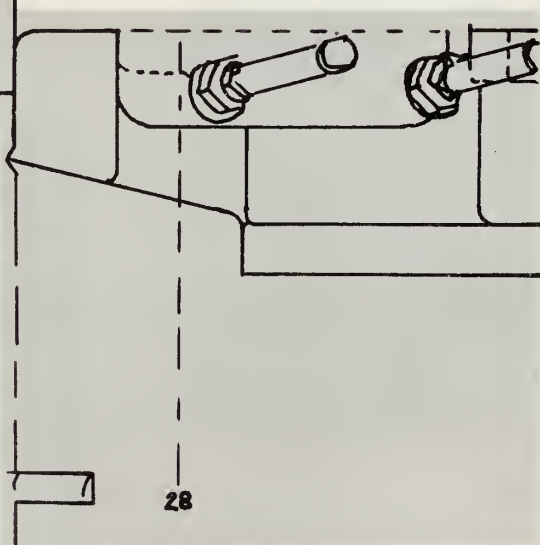
WATCH III

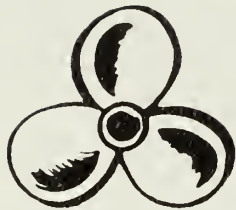
Front: Milo, Begin, Graham, Semple. Rear: Barker, Archambault, Hamblett, Lucas.



WATCH IV

Front: Brown, Izzo. Rear: Covell, Callahan, Ward, Kimtis, Broderick, Mr. Crosby, McCarthy, Doherty.





RICHARD A. ALDRED
40 Bourneside Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

One day in the year 1963, a "cool breeze" was felt sweeping down Academy Drive and stopping to hover over the "Bay State". Upon investigation this "cool breeze" turned out to be none other than Richie Aldred.

Trying to accomplish his one great goal in life, to be a "Marine Engineer", Richie fell in behind the rest of his class, about one year behind!!

Upon our arrival at the Academy we found a "tread" willing and eager to "square us away", and a true friend to most of us as the years passed. As his second class year rolled by Richie had found favor with his classmates, while still maintaining his close friendship with such notables as the "bear" and Otto. His charm with the girls and his crack driving of the "Green Dream" and the "Blue Blur" were grounds for many a Sunday night war story, but his greatest story of all is entitled, "Joe Blix and the Day in Court Three".

All kidding aside Richie has been a great friend to all, and we wish him the best of luck in the future.



RAY A. ARCHAMBAULT
222 Ingleside Avenue
Worcester, Massachusetts

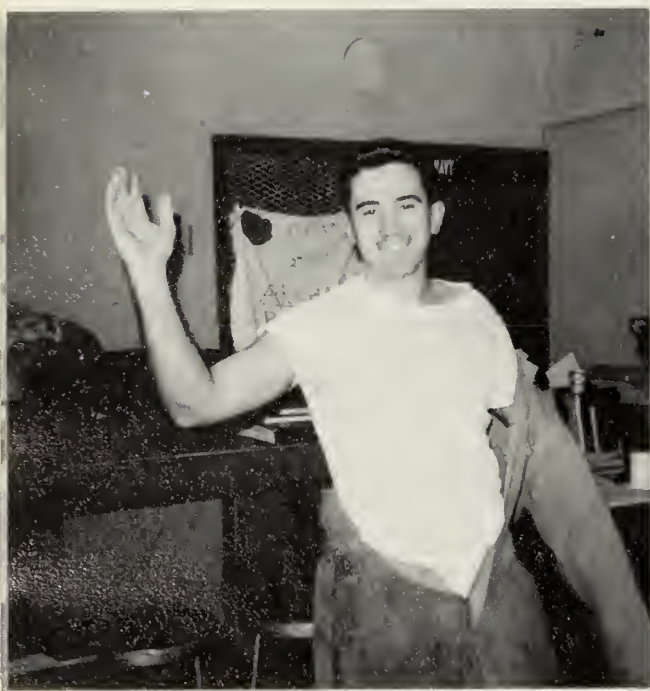
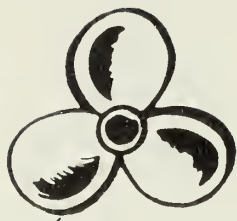
Ray came to Mass. Maritime with some "pre-acquired" knowledge but he didn't rest on his laurels. He literally consumed every book he could get his eyes on. He did, however, find time to care for watch three's batteries. When a boat drill was held, you always could find Archy praying, with these words, "Please Dear Lord, let there be enough juice".

Although loved by the watch three second jobs, such as Crowley and MacDonald, Ray was also very popular with many members of the fair sex, especially one in Aruba.

As a youngie he couldn't be found, but as a second job his hidden talents came forth. When he became an upper job, he frequently starred as guest lecturer in "Jim's" classes.

We all wish Archy the very best, and with these closing words "may he always be found with Osvourne in hand," we send him forth to conquer the world.





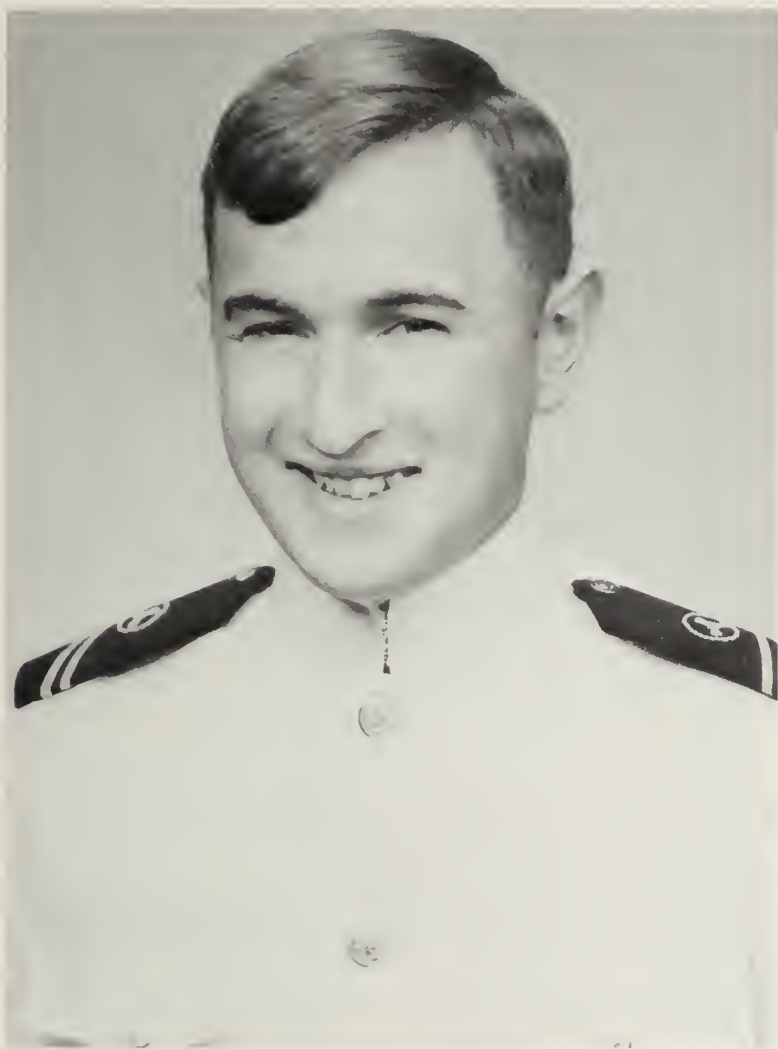
JAMES ARRUDA
111 Winterville Road
New Bedford, Massachusetts

On July 6, 1964 M.M.A. received its most unusual exchange student. Jim's 5-ft. 6-in dominated the campus in record time and raised such questions as "What is he?" and "What kind of language does he speak"? and a little later "Where is he?"

His immediate talent was that of a master slitherer and many were the times that his image virtually disapated before one's eyes. He quickly discovered #3 hole and some of the above deck blower rooms and until cruise time these niches received his undivided attention and presence. When it came time to put to sea, he was chosen as a laundry worker and was destined to become one of "the Big Three" in his second and first class years.

To this day, he can be seen proudly strutting back and forth in the laundry — senior man to the subordinate two— uttering such phrases as "what's wrong with the way I talk" and "No tickee no shirtee".

As a classmate there are few better and we are sure that his indomitable arrogance will carry him to great heights. Ah, So! Good luck Jim.

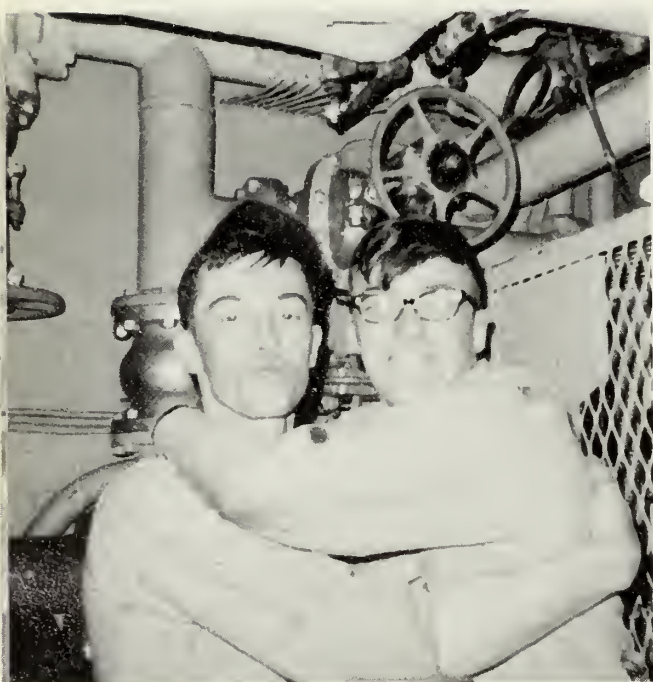


WILLIAM T. BARKER
 Depot Road
 South Harwich, Massachusetts

It all began in July 1964 when a beach buggy from Harwich, Mass. drove onto the Academy grounds and unloaded its ocean spray package. Much to everyone's surprise it was a Bogger. The first plight of his youngie year was being taken under the wing of the soccer team co-captain whose name was also Bill. He starred on the soccer team for three years playing just about every position. In his last year he won honorable mention as a league "all star". He has followed along in the footsteps of his older brother and it is even said that he wears the same shoes. At home and abroad, Bogger learned all about railroad ties and box-cars. He has a world wide knowledge on the concepts of contraband, "pretty little senoritas" and the evil spirits contained in a bottle. The face of the "Bogger" has been missed on the mess deck this year because he has caught the up-perjob fever which many find hard to cure. During the summer months in particular, weekends find Bill riding double on surfboards with his tongue hanging out digesting the luxuries of life. He is the type of guy that makes himself at home and makes himself noticed especially around fireplaces.

Over the years at the Academy "Bogger" has gained many friends and should have no trouble in the future achieving his goal. So we bid him good luck, farewell and hope that he gets a job with his big brother.





JAMES BECHTOLD
62 Lane Avenue
East Weymouth, Massachusetts

As a constant sleeper, Jim was always in trouble. He and Al made many trips back and forth to the Academy together.

A Weymouth boy from the very start, he had salt water in his blood, which gave him his salty walk; slow and sluggish.

As a youngie, he had his trials even as the rest of us, but he never got into trouble as deeply as his buddy Al. They stuck together through thick and thin, even through their mutual emotional crisis.

Jim had a knack as a card player and any time you were looking for him, he could be found on the Rec. deck in the midst of a hot game, usually a loser, with his twin, Barth.

As a parting gesture we all thank Jim for his many contributions to fun and games, and especially for that party which we all enjoyed. May you have many happy ports of call in your new career.

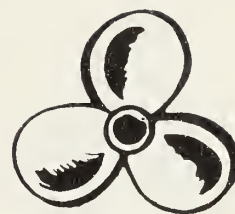


PHILIP BEGIN, JR.
6 Saint Hilaire Avenue
Danvers, Massachusetts

We will always remember that sunny morning on July 6, 1964, when Phil, alias "Fuel Oil Phil", left his six brothers at home in Danvers, Massachusetts, and came to help us solve our problems at M.M.A. Our problems were mostly with the Upper Jobs who were constantly craving "sangies", cookies and Tang. One could always count on Phil to have all of these "extras" stored in his locker.

When the Youngie Year came to a close and we were new Second Classmen, Phil became prominent in some of our evening activities, such as the Newman Club, Propeller Club, and the Circle K. In fact, Phil was one of our original afternoon volunteers at the Tobey Hospital in Wareham.

In our last year, Phil was Cadet Ensign of the Watch Three engineers, who were, incidentally, never overworked. Whether it will be the Navy or the Merchies, Phil has not said; but because we know him, we predict that Phil's ambitions will become successful.





JAMES G. BELL
7 Ring Avenue
Quincy, Massachusetts

One Rip Roaring day in July of 1962 Quincy Points answer to Peter Rabbit arrived at M.M.A. Jim liked never-never land so well that he decided to stick around for a while, five years to be exact. You might say that Jimmy had a lot of class. He had (class of '65, '66, and '67). But now that he has buckled down and learned the "keys" to studying, I know in my heart that some day I'll walk aboard some ship and see that he has reached his pinnacle of success. James G. Bell—Chief Steward.

Activities—

20/20 Club 1,2,3,4,5
Key Club 2,3,4
Lynch Mob 4
Horizontal Club 3
Vegetable of the month 4,5



STEVEN B. BRODERICK
105 Tyndale Street
Roslindale, Massachusetts

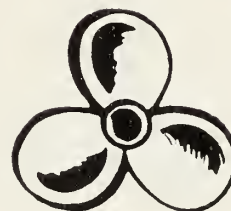
"Boo-dee, Boo-dee" was the weird sound coming from a black MG speeding through the gates of M.M.A. on its way to a screeching halt at the foot of the gangway. "The Kin" jumped out and woke up his co-pilot "Fast Ed", who was dreaming of the night before about a place they call "The Island".

Thus began Steve's career at the Canal University. The "Kid" managed to make it through his first year between trips to this place still known only as the island. During his second year Steve himself as a "Deckie" for two months and wandered about saying "What am I doing?" His answer was to flee to the pit where he stayed for the remaining three years.

Given a second try, Steve became an ambitious second job engineer, between trips to the island. His ability as an engineer was seen by certain more or less important people, and he became a Cadet Lieutenant in his senior year.

After the "best summer of my life", Steve returned to school in July and settled down to working towards graduation, a new Healy, and a third assistants job on the "Islander".

We all wish you the best of luck and know that you will always make out wherever you go. Smooth sailing Steve.





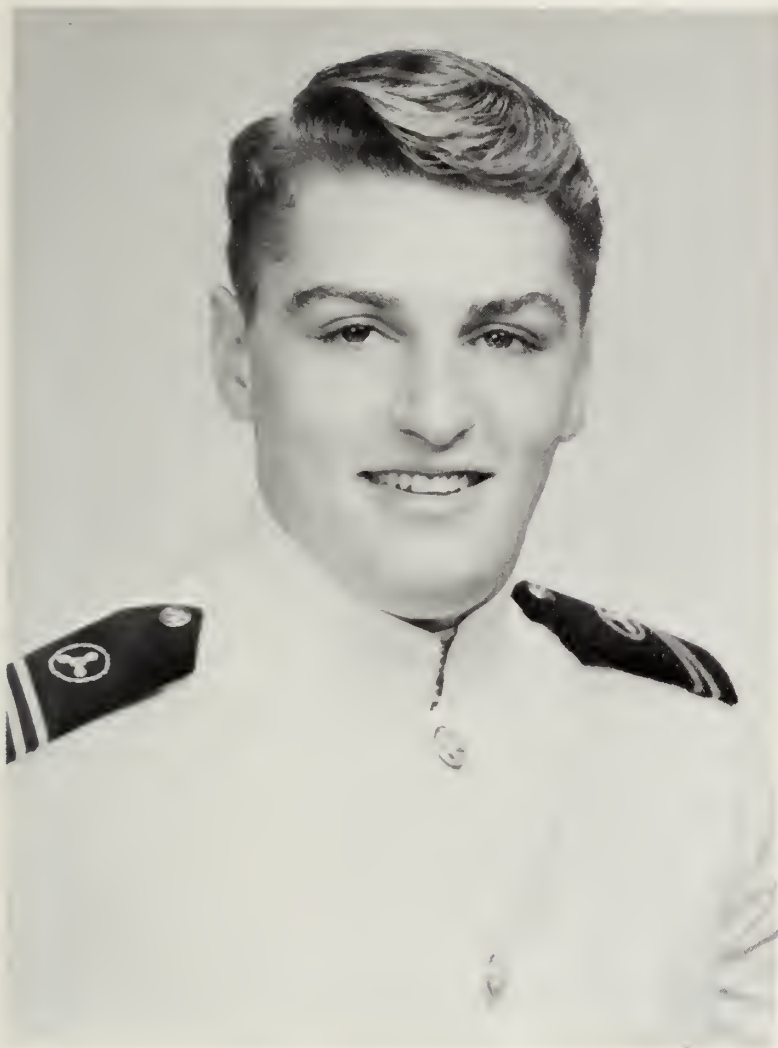
JAMES V. BROWN
9 Spring Street
Essex, Massachusetts

With only his tube of toothpaste and his rough service toothbrush the "SMILE" arrived on that fateful day. As Captain of the soccer team, Jimmy demonstrated his fine athletic abilities, his good sportsmanship, and inexhaustible energy when representing M.M.A. As a member of the "Falmouth Party Goers", Brownie showed that he always had a fine time in Falmouth.

Returning from Essex on Sunday nights he was always filled with wild tales of exciting, intriguing clam digging and speed runs from unknown places back to Essex, also a place unknown. That is unknown until we found out that was where the blue 1950 FORD was from.

We are sure that Jimmy will make out well in the future — he always has in the past. The problem is — With what???





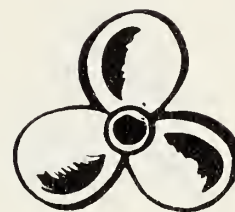
FREDERICK S. BUTLER
29 Cocoran Park
Cambridge, Massachusetts

On that fateful morning of July 5, 1964, M.M.A.'s sole claim to everything that is good and holy arrived. It didn't take long for everybody to find out who Fred was, because he looked very much like his twin brother, who was spending his last year in these hallowed halls.

Fred's reputation for being one of the quieter guys in the class came to an end with the arrival of our youngie cruise. The mark of the "Fearful Four" was left in every port that cruise, especially with the flying of Fred's colors over the Naval Base of Trinidad.

During his second job year Fred was given a personal invitation by J.M.C. to become the century club's newest member for his study of steering engines. Fred then became a model midshipman, that is until the advent of our second-job cruise. Fred's mark was left here and there, especially in the nightstick of the Elbow Beach's famed security guards. Cartagena found 2E diligently praying for Fred's safe return while bets were being placed on the side as to whether he would be brought back dead or alive.

The class of "67" wishes Fred smooth seas and faultless engine rooms to the best classmate a guy could want.



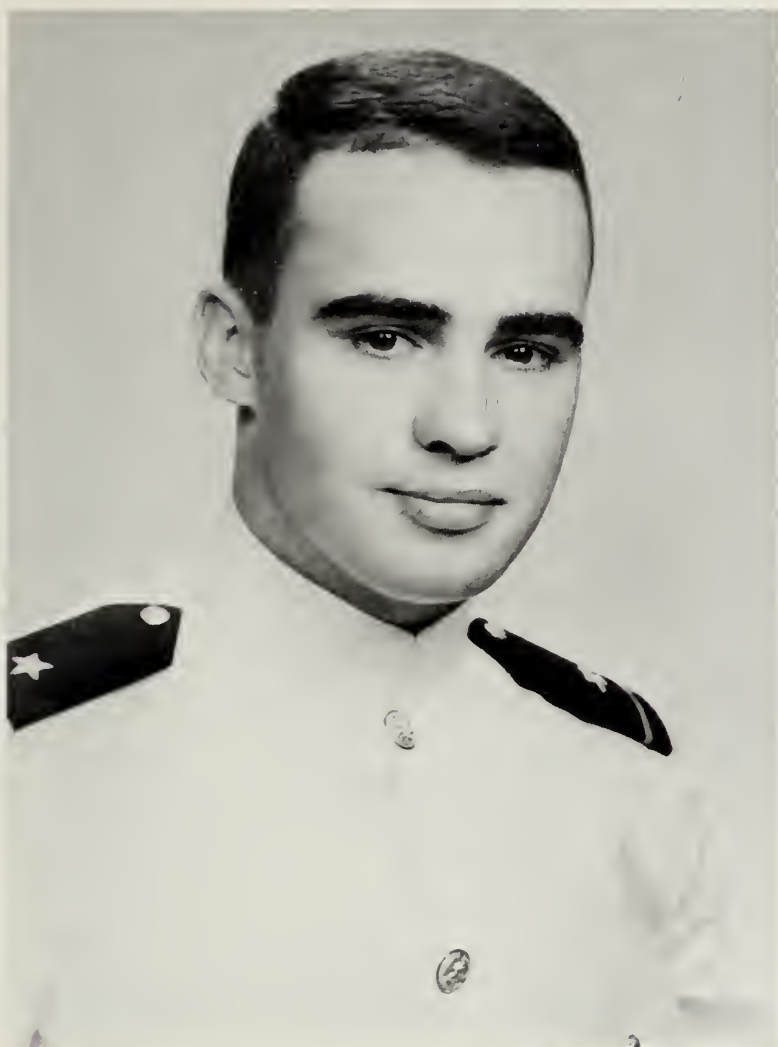


EDWARD S. CALLAHAN
20 Lila Road
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

Fast Ed descended on the class of 1967 as a slightly used hand me down from the second jobs, but we soon recognized his natural talent as a "sleeze" and he taught us many of the tricks of the trade. During his second year at M.M.A. Ed was a virtually unknown to the powers to be until that night in Vera Cruz when he decided to take an unauthorized flying lesson.

One of Ed's claims to fame is that he has been in 90% of the Marine hospitals on the Atlantic Coast. Ed spent most of his upperjob weekends commuting to Martha's Vineyard, we don't know for sure what he did but we gather that he was some sort of a life guard, because all week long he would mumble in his sleep "Sandy, Sandy, Sand..."

Whether its on land or sea or "on the island" we wish Ed the best of luck in the future and smooth sailing from the class of 67.



WILLIAM H. CAMPBELL
7965 Catherine Avenue
Pasadena, Maryland

When our fighting Bill first came on the scene, it was obvious we had one of a kind. Our "Golden Boy" at first was not so golden, but soon emerged from his state of semi-reserve to full throttle—feet first. The "Big Toe" incident served as a turning point, for, from then on we observed the emerging form of the "Skulker". It must have been foresight that spurred him on as a second job, or was it hind sight. At any rate he skulked into the cadet officers office with one stripe.

Henceforth, still will be the "Bay State" when at midnight, Hormalton time, the Skulker raids no more. Yes the "Golden One Striper" will be seen skulking back to Mac-Guire's to boogaloo to the sound of "Hold on ... I'm coming."





ALLAN CARLOZZI
209 Franklin Street
South Braintree, Massachusetts

As an outcast from the Italian navy, having made 39 unsuccessful kamikazi missions, our hairy friend sought the pleasures and comforts of "Mother Bay State". Al conformed quickly to the rigors of being a youngie and was soon elected president of the "Pony" fan club. As a second job he found much enjoyment in exploring some particularly scenic mounds found in Onset, the hills of which most everybody roamed. However, he soon saw the light and ended this habit in favor of settling down to Dora and Ed. Al's personable smile found him much companionship on the cruises with the lovely (?) senioritas, and his good fortune in Florida found us with "The Carlozzi booze-wagon" which consisted of 4 wheels and 96 beer cans. In our upper job year Al could always be found as the major part of a sheet sangle and later in the year won the "Coxswain of the year" award when he almost maneuvered the lifeboat into the after engine room of our beloved vessel.

Wherever he ships, the South seas or the Arctic, we know "The Philosopher" will always be snug and warm in his mohair sweater. Good luck to a fine friend and classmate.



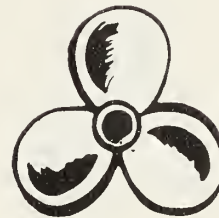
RICHARD A. COVELL
415 Soule Road
Wilbraham, Massachusetts

Bounding in from the Wilbraham Chapter of Hell's Angels on his brand new "ping-ping" two-wheeler, Richie arrived at the Academy campus three long years ago. Shortly afterward, with strongheaded ingenuity, Richie managed to squeeze in a preliminary cruise overland to such intriguing places as California.

Since then a steady devotion to athletics and academics has brought the honors of watch four cadet officer and soccer team captain under his "capable" command.

We're sure if there was an award for class casanova the "littlest hero" would have won it. The glossy-eyed Sunday nighter, better known as Ringo excelled in the art of seduction. Rain, snow, hail or "sheets" couldn't quell him.

The hallowed compartments of M.M.A. have produced another "mature" leader who will, we're sure, excel in Marine engineering in the years to come.





DANIEL E. DOHERTY
44 Bellevue Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Coming from a shipping family, Danny learned all his older brother Denny had to teach him in the art of becoming a Sleeze. However this training came to naught, for as he came aboard he ran into the duck and he became one of the ducklings.

Again following his brother's example, he became an engineer the next year, where he and crackers ran into Mr. Hemmerly. This gentleman had decided that these young men were the arch criminals of the class, and he was going to strike fear in the hearts of these water rats. . . They continued on into the upper job year without Hank quenching their burning zeal for mischief.

Dora now stands with the rest of the engineers as a tribute to the MEBA book which occupied many of those sleepy days in the juice class.

We all wish Dora the best and hope that most of his undertakings will be to his benefit. Of course, if he'd stay away long enough, we'd also like to say it's been nice to have you as a classmate.



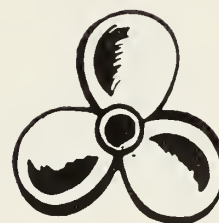
GRANVILLE B. FASSETT
Union Mill Road
Moorestown, New Jersey

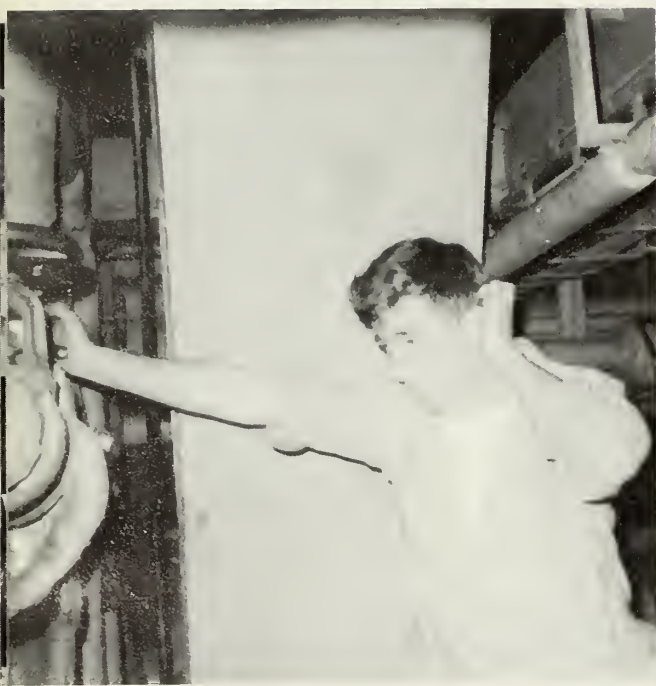
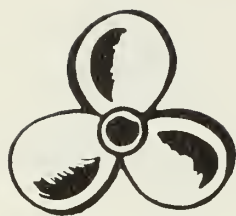
In his youngie year, Ali ben Butcher was a watch 2 man, and followed in the mighty large footsteps of Gibby, who was also a class barber. If during turn-to hours, Ben couldn't be found, you could always look in the barber shop, and find him busily tidying up, or at least looking busy.

As a second class man he became the best barber in the school and even though he gave many short cuts, they never went in a straight line.

In the senior year, Ben was even more successful, and some suspected a touch of Indian blood, due to the scalping he gave some of the Officers.

We hope in the years to come that Ben having left his chair to Judge here on the Bay State, will come into a ten chair shop on the Constitution. Look us up any time for those ear plugs we swiped from you, and the outstanding fifty cent I.O.U'S.





EDWARD T. GRAHAM

36 Burma Street
Mattapan, Massachusetts

Influenced by the never ending pranks of the mighty Manfred, and Buck Jr. (better known as the welder) Ed embarked on the mightiest cruise of his life upon walking through the gates of Mass. Maritime.

The stories of Ed's hair raising experiences are legion, but typical is the one wherein he asked Hank for a cigarette, only to receive the reply "Sorry, all I have is a cigar."

As a watch three man he had many opportunities to help his illustrious leader, and he always seemed to end in failure and frustration, until "Bahumbug" and a slamming telephone room door shut out any aid that the Brow beater might ask for.

No matter where Ed should ship, we know that his experience in the Juice watch will aid him in his career, and we wish him the best of luck, if he can keep his big mouth shut long enough to hear us.



CHARLES R. GUERTIN
Channel Point Road
Hyannis, Massachusetts

Putt, putt, brrrm. Coming from Mount St. Charles, Guerty was surely let down when he stepped through the gates of M.M.A. But it wasn't long before he turned in his Sunday missal for a copy of Hefner's "Playboy".

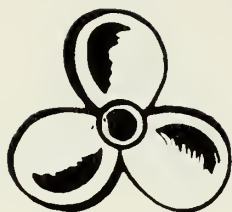
As a second job, Guerty was a favorite with all the third classmen, especially section II, whom Dick coached every afternoon in Mario's boat locker. Little did he realize that soon he would be one of their classmates.

Upon joining the fraternal ranks of Phi Kappa Re Tread, Dick took a leave of absence and headed for South Africa. Here he spread his Peace and Good Will to the less fortunate people of these backward nations.

Dick will always be remembered for his big friends, Mike once being his favorite, and his glowing personality.

Best of luck and smooth sailing in the future to a true classmate.





BLAIR HAMBLETT
Valeda Road
Rehobeth, Massachusetts



One dismal day in July, a large hamster stumbled up the gangway onto the "Big Beat". Suddenly the silence was broken by "Hey! Pony. Come here! Come here!". And thus Blair made his untimely entrance into our "Hallowed Halls". We will always remember Blair's fondness for peanut butter, and his Karate demonstrations in the youngie compartment.

On Blair strode, into his second job year only to be captured by an enormous set of eyebrows. And so as you can see he was doomed to either holding a flashlight for a large turtle or replacing 50 watters — both of which Blair handled superbly. Blair's second job year passed rather quickly except for a three-fall match with some character in a big white Buick.

Blair struggled on and suddenly he found himself an Upper Job! I don't think anyone will ever forget the real reason for the great Northeast blackout, or the sincerity of his statement—"But Hank, I can't learn nothing unless I flip all the switches 'n press all the buttons." I think that we all know the answer. Yes, surely you know the answer.

Always an individual, we can't help but wish him anything but smooth sailing in the future.



JAMES E. HICKSON III
2 Sunset Lane
Spencer, Massachusetts

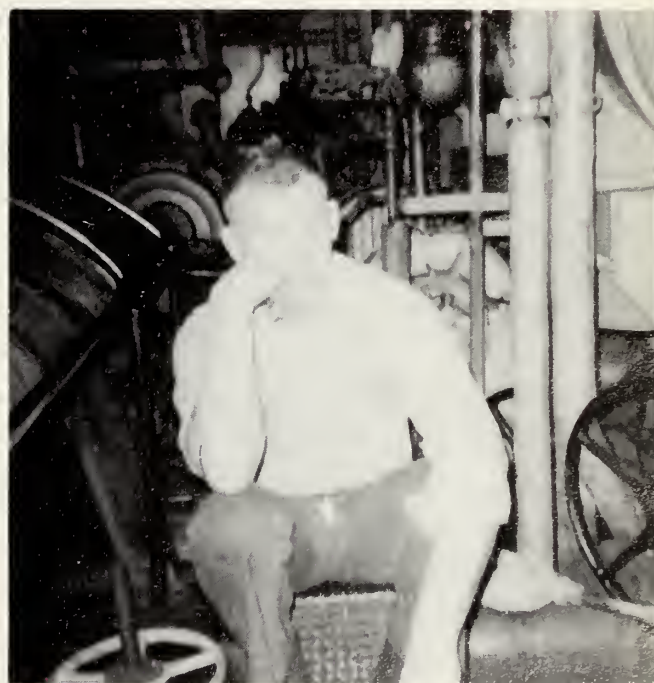
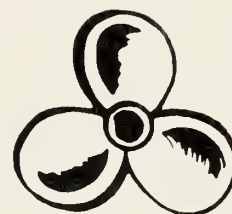
Out of the backwoods of Western Mass. came Spencer's answer to the White Knight. With bulging eyes and craned neck, Hickbody passed through the metropolis of Buzzards Bay and boarded the gangway of the "big iron boat".

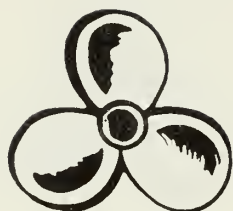
Ending his youngie year, Jim picked the life of the engineer and moved to the after compartment with all his possessions three sets of scivies, two left shoes and a package of instant whitewash. Although he loved the life of his Alma Mater, Jim ventured into other halls of higher learning, and returned with many tales of campus life supplemented by a perforated back and a loss of memory.

"The Whiteman's" second job year was a happy one until the cruise when the case of the "missing booze" almost cost the life of a certain two-striper. The same cruise offered still another defeat, this time by the tanned flesh of a redheaded companion.

Jim's pleasant life as an upperjob was disrupted momentarily by an inability to comprehend the lectures of the "Mad Electron". But through hard study "Whitebody" mastered the theories of the electric "mystery machines".

Now it's graduation and we all know that Jim will have no trouble at all in whatever he decides to do. Good luck to a terrific classmate.





LAWRENCE IZZO
91 West Drive
Manhasset, Long Island

One of the most studious members of the graduating class, thanks to his endless supply of old test papers, Slim Jim was the center of much of the mischief perpetrated by the class.

An all around guy, who lost himself in a fight for a bet, which was never paid off, Larry could be counted on to be just coming from or going to a fracas whenever "five names" were requested.

From his home on Long Island, to his sea fair ventures, we all wish him the best of luck in the future, and hope that his tugs never run aground.



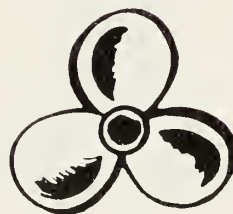
ROBERT E. JANES, JR.
6 Warren Street
Danvers, Massachusetts

Bob came to Mass. Maritime not knowing what he was getting himself into, but he came out on the top most of the time. An exception might be the race he had with Hickson, or the Bogger to see who would get to the train station first. He made out fairly well in both contests, never being far behind.

As a youngie he was easy to pick out of the mob because of the red beacon he wore on his head, to say nothing of having had an older brother who graduated last year, who was also a carrot top, and established the family reputation.

Next to the German, Barth, who was his shadow, there was Hickbody, a very close friend of Bob's who would stand by him in time of trouble especially in an argument.

We all wish Bob the best of luck and many gay adventures such as those in Mexico, and salute him as the only graduate with an additional degree in railroad engineering.





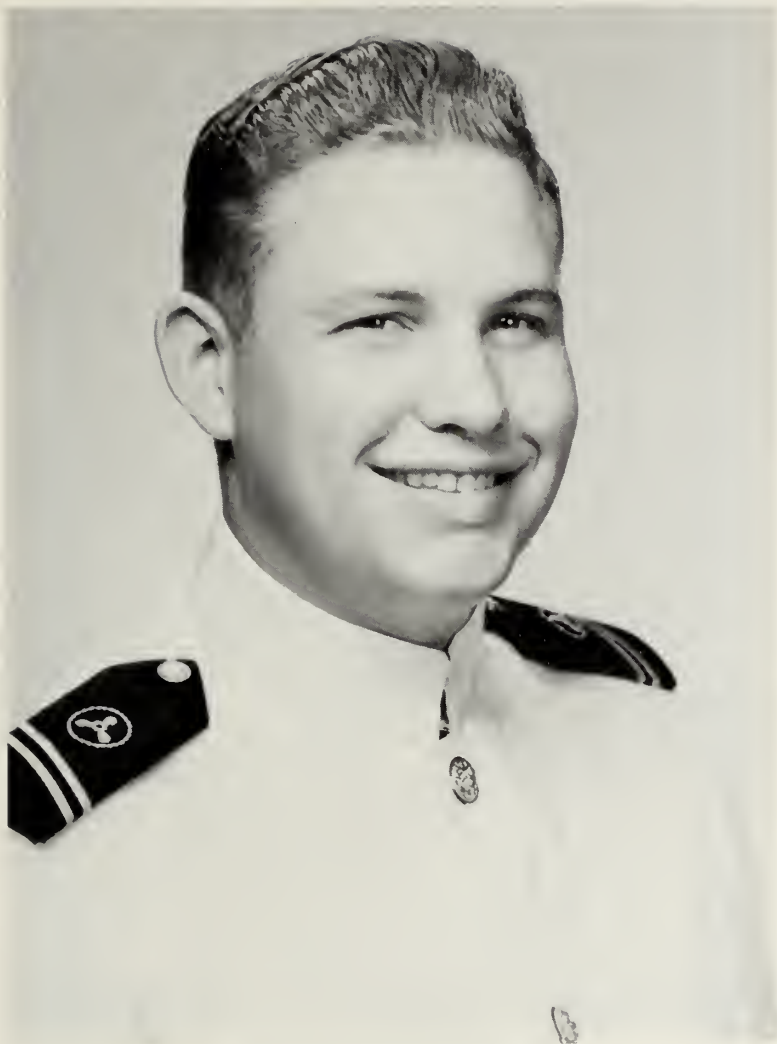
CHARLES T. KIMITIS, JR.
65 Hillwod Avenue
Stoughton, Massachusetts



Chuck came to us straight from Staughton, Mass., which, according to Chuck, is a suburb of Farmington, Maine. During his youngie and second job years "Kimitus" could be classified as "cozy" but he finally came into his own during the fall funeral season of his upper job year.

After being elected to the "Big 4" at M.M.A. Chuck realized that he would have to adhere to a strict physical fitness course to save his strength for the year ahead. Consequently, on week ends when he wasn't out trapping or trying to drive his Harley Hogg home, he could be found testing the Brine Density at the brass rail of Henry's Health Bar.

All kidding aside, with his quiet, forceful manner of handling situations; along with his engineering prowess, Chuck will always be able to find his way out of the woods! Good luck and smooth sailing from the class of '67.



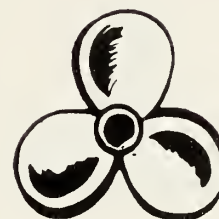
DONALD E. LINDQUIST
42 Quaboag Road
West Acton, Massachusetts

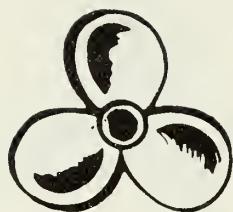
Don came to this fine Academy as a small fragile little boy and when he left, that had to add ten tons of ballast to compensate for the lightened draft. There was a running battle between Link and the mighty Manfred for the strongest man, and the fractured racks in the engineers compartment give testimony of their contests, with Link finally carrying off the honors.

Links mighty strength was put to good use on the soccer field, and the success of our teams much to the big foot.

May all his self induced crusher classes benefit him, and some day we hope he will be the Vic Taney of his generation.

We all wish Link the best of luck in the future no matter what life has in store for him.





PAUL G. LUCAS
97 Charles Avenue
Stoughton, Massachusetts

On that tragic and fateful day, July 6, 1964, a weird happening took place in the town of STOUGHTON. As the story goes there was a young mother rocking her son on the porch, when a turbulent wind caused by the wild machines dragging down the streets, came and swept poor Paul from his mother's lap, never to return. To the amazement of this young lad, he came to rest on the training ship "U.S.S. Neversail".

The career of this young lad was most assuredly foreseen, for his destiny as an engineer soon followed. The grease that he thought would never stain his lily white hands soon flowed through his veins.

Under the Wing of his "pal" John, Paul successfully completed his trials as a third classmen, and moved to the ranks of a Second class Engineer, jockeying for position, as a predecessor "The Lurch."

As a first classman, he became the heir to every belonging of the "Lurch", "ALL EXCEPT TWO". But to the dismay of the second class, he became a fearsome member of the Tap's Whistle Club, sleeping by day and festering by night. In the same year, Paul also became famous for picking up where his fellow classmate left off as "ground zero".

In closing we bid farewell to this fairhaired classmate smooth sailing and best of luck, in all that you may try to accomplish.



JOHN D. MANNING
42 Fendale Avenue
Dorchester, Massachusetts

One bright sun shiny day in July 1964 we all paused a moment to get a look at what seemed to be a gigantic pair of ears, struggling to get up the gangway with a mattress. Upon closer inspection we found not only ears but also the "Mighty Manfred". The youngie year brought Jack many lessons in poise and grace from his namesake. Being the astute student that he is they were well taken and put to use in latter years.

The second job year would have been uneventful except for his position in "Hank's Heroes". Jack was Hank's right hand man, or was it left, anyhow our fearless leader couldn't have made it without him. Our hero was soon to develop the once lost ancient art of "Poof". This esteemed him in the eyes of his classmates and soon he was giving lessons to the whole watch, to Snapper's dismay.

Turning upperjob brought all Manfred's talents to the surface. His athletic prowess was demonstrated when he joined the Morning Glory Athletic Association. He showed outstanding achievement in the sheet slam and the hop, skip, and flop.





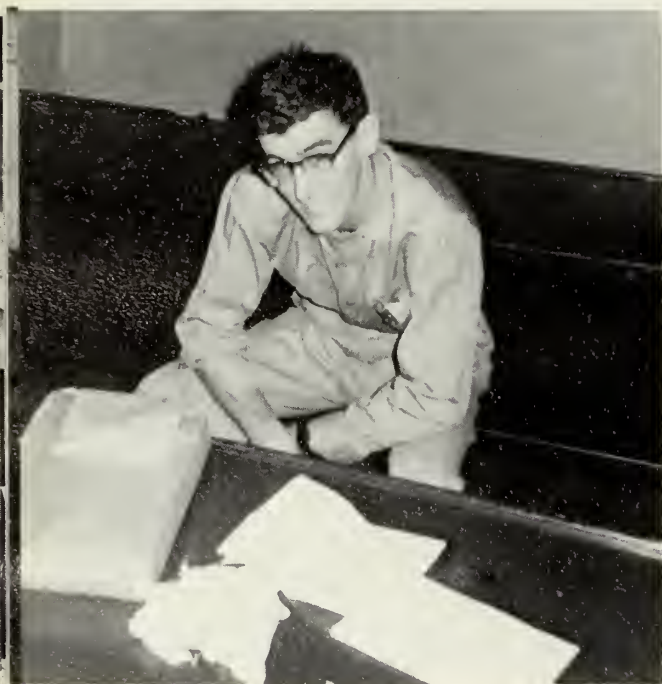
TERRENCE P. McCARTHY

115 Jericho Road
Scituate, Massachusetts

One day in July of 1964, a strange current swept by Minot light and snatched up a young man who had happened to be in the vicinity. Tossing and turning, the young victim was helplessly swept down to the Cape Cod Canal, where a midshipman, Dan Scanlon, who had just happened to be standing on the fantail of the BAY STATE, observed this strange sight and dragged him to safety.

This heroic lad, who had saved Terry, felt somehow responsible for his future at the Academy, so "Dan pal" took him under his wing and made him his private number one "tool", what a deal!

Terrence quickly caught on to the principles of Marine Engineering and surprised many of his classmates with his knowledge of the "Pit". His second class year brought him many friends, and these friendships grew stronger in his final year. He even went as far as making friends with our new "Chief". The best of luck to you always, Terrence, and if you get a chance to stop by and see Mr. Hemmerly, he's dying for some hot soup.





SALVATORE J. MERCADENTE, JR.
56 Henry Street
Brockton, Massachusetts

Joe, on 15 July 1963, carried a mattress, pillow, and stenciling gear up that long, long gangway into the youngies compartment. After drawing a complete wardrobe, from his uncle, Moto settled down to a year of mutual servitude. He performed well his youngie year, staying off the "150, Mid and Mast" lists, and was justly rewarded with an expense unpaid trip to the West Coast.

After deciding to become an engineer, S. J. moved his bunk into the chilled 5 hole. He studied hard but felt the need to increase his knowledge of American literature, so he decided, with the advice of his favorite instructor, to try the second class year all over again. Thus S. J. Mercadente became a member of the "Phi Roy Capa Retread Fraternity."

Becoming a second job's upper job, Joe settled down to months of increasing the comforts of his compatriots. He devised a new and unequaled way of heating a compartment and brought many pictures of the inner world to the starved middies.

Few will ever forget Moto's ability to make six "NO TRUMP" bids, with no aces or kings?!!!, or his playing "hearts" in the auxiliary heating plant. Joe is one of the few, who has planned and he will be a valuable asset to whoever he works for. Best of luck. Oh! Is it true that you cut cards with the inspector for your license (second's or nothing?) ?!!!





JOHN R. MILO
260 Lynn Fells Parkway
Saugus, Massachusetts

A fine fellow, with a musical talent to match, John came to Mass. Maritime to satisfy a yen to go to sea. When he achieves his goal, he will certainly show the others how to keep the tune. As band master, John said he had the finest band in the land, even though they made a few mistakes. (How many is a few?)

As a watch three striper he aided the foyes in the fine art of brow beating, and learned the tricks that will serve him in good stead next time he should attempt to start up a generator.

Best regards John and keep the "axe" hot. With this and that fine smile, you are bound to rise to the top.





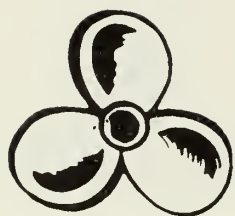
ROGER W. MONTEMBEAULT
17 Lawrence Street
Concord, New Hampshire

What is your name, son? Roger Montembeault, Sir. Huh? How do you spell it? M-O-N-T-E-M-B-E-A-U-L-T, Sir, What!!! I still don't know what you're saying. From now on we'll call you Bert. And so it was that the young frog who swam in from the wilds of Cowhampshire got his name.

Bert quickly adjusted to the military life at M.M.A. and soon became the top contender for the favors of the Three Queens. Being a man of many talents, Bert never ceased to amaze us in class with his renditions of resonant back seat vibrations which are still second to none. In his limited spare time Bert could be found chasing his stockings around the compartment. Wanting to show gratitude for the mystifying display we would throw incense at his feet.

In spite of all his strange ways, he was a wonderful ship-mate and we wish him well.





ROBERT C. O'BRIEN
8 Mill Lane
East Braintree, Massachusetts

T'was a mild July weekend, after receiving Amen's permission, O'B made tracks from Braintree to Cape Cod to spend what he thought would be a relaxing weekend on the Cape. No one is sure, but as far as we can tell it must have been a wild weekend, for much to Bob's dismay he landed at the guano-covered campus of M.M.A. So started his career as a midshipman.

As a youngie there were many duties to be completed but not many of them could catch up to Bob and the other members of the "sleeze trio." We find it hard to forget those eight hour liberties for the "trio" at the Gunner's house. One time in particular we seem to recall, O.B. being reported as a UFO from the quarterdeck to the fantail.

Bob, as a second classman, changed his ways and spent the year in "Mario's Humpers". All turned out well in the end, for the next year Bob became Mario's left-hand man. One of the most daring feats as a first classman was acting as Parnelli Jones of the Japanese "Jaguar". Another surprise deed was that accomplished at the Ring Dance, where he presented Ann-Marie \$\$\$\$\$\$ worth of "Compressed Carbon" and his fate for the years to come.

In closing we wish to bid smooth sailing and calm seas to one of the best friends a middy could have, and the best of luck to both Bob and Ann-Marie.

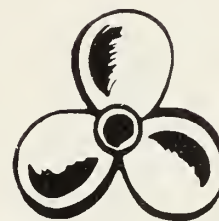


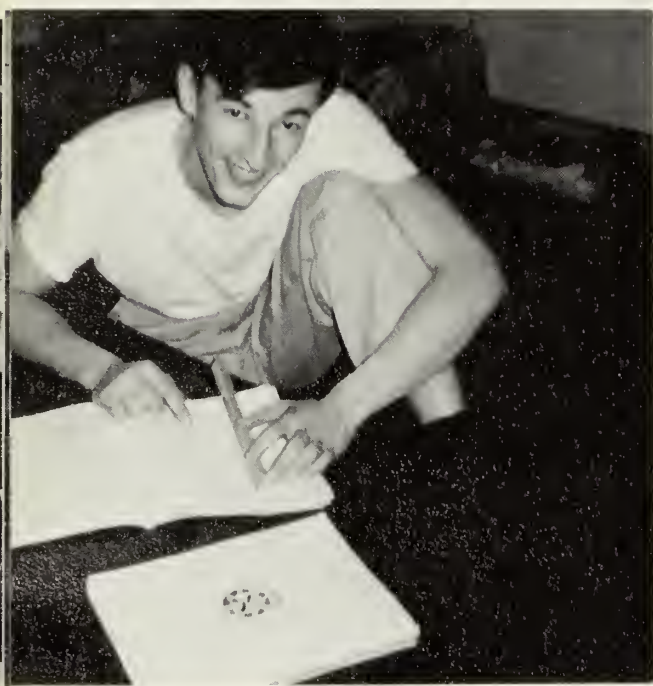
PAUL J. RILEY
77 Pleasant Circle
Canton, Massachusetts

Straight out of the woods of Canton Paul Riley came to Mass. Maritime, with the idea of burning up the world, and that with his store of "smarts" acquired before his arrival here, was what he seemed to be.

After the toils of the first year, he moved into #5 with the real engineers, and became among other things a laundry worker. The class of 68 remembers him as either P.J. or two face! Riley was a straight down the line system man, and had the silly notion that hard work was its own reward, and was guilty of spending much time at it.

His classmates wish him luck in the future, and will long remember the post Dinner Dance party he hosted. We are sure that when his name is mentioned, Shona will spring to mind also.





MICHAEL W. RYAN
3 Elmwood Court
Malden, Massachusetts

With a baseball cap on his head and a glove in his hand, Mike reported to the "Ole" Mass. Maritime Academy. Very little was seen of or heard from Mike his first year and as a matter of fact, everyone asked who the new guy was when he turned second job. That year he finally decided to put his glove away and try soccer and in a year became one of the most versatile defensemen on the team (that is when he wasn't injured). "Viente Uno" made it a habit to get injured at least once a game and then recuperate in time to finish the game. During his second year he also proved his driving ability on the Bermuda side walks.

During his last year at the Academy you could find "cry baby" (when he was awake) wrestling with Fred "the head", having a head paper fight with his twin or on vacation in Falmouth.

Wherever Mike goes or whatever he does I am sure that he will have a successful future. His ambition will enable him to succeed as he did on the soccer field.



KENNETH J. SEMPLE
123 Old Washington Street
Hanover, Massachusetts

Ken arose at the weird hour of 6:00 on the morning of July 15, 1963 and drove from Duxbury to the "Arm Pit of Massachusetts" with every intention of getting an education (at M.M.A.?) After picking up a mattress, he walked up the gangway and checked into the "Tin Hotel."

At the end of the first term, Morgan decided that Semp should try again so he nominated Ken for honorary membership in the "Fy Ray Capa Retread Fraternity." At the end of his youngie years Ken decided to become an engineer. After the doctor squared away the round deckie four striper, he got his way.

When the second job cruise came along Ken was a little apprehensive (three months away from Gina). But all came out well, especially in Mexico, when an appendix wanted a little recognition. As a result Ken stayed in Florida a little longer than the rest (I still don't know where he got a tan in a hospital).

Now, in these few hours before freedom, a few of us look fondly back as our story at M.M.A. hit good old Ken still shivers over thoughts of 2.4's in math, 2.5's in ship's destruction and degoded captains. Good luck Ken, and remember you am a engineer so sail for 20 years and tell Gina we wish her all the luck.





LAWRENCE J. SULLIVAN
26 Marion Street
East Boston, Massachusetts

An East Boston man, with the code of the Mafia a part of his heritage, Larry came to Mass. Maritime with the idea that this was the place to let go a mighty yell, and that is just what he did each night before turning in.

As a young man he was a "gray ghost" always lost in the crowd but soon this same crowd was not hiding him, but following him.

Larry, Dick and Richy were well known as popular escorts, and many hair raising tales were relived as they relived their amatory adventures for the edification of their less blessed shipmates.

Once Larry became a second whack he developed sleeping in all kinds of circumstances to a fine art, and was late for class on more than one occasion because of it. He holds the record for coming in on time at ten thirty.

As an upper job, Larry did his part in educating the squids by graphically demonstrating just what a hurricane was, with the nearest fire hose as a teaching aid.

Larry will be remembered as a great fun loving upper job, with the voice of an ape. May all your adventures be filled with lager, love and laughter, Larry.

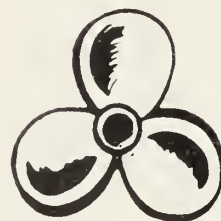


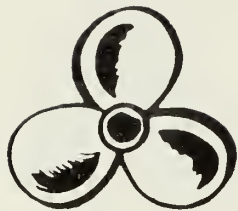
DAVID B. WARD
23 Thetford Street
South Braintree, Massachusetts

Dave came to Mass. Maritime in the summer of 1964, but none found out about it until 1967! Smiling silently and mysteriously Lamb chop never seemed to be with us spiritually, but only in body.

On the soccer field, Dave was our secret weapon with his mild manner, and apparently quiet demeanor, he was a terrier on the ball and always a surprise to the opponents, and some times even to Mr. Eno who praised him frequently.

Dave is held in equal esteem by his classmates and Claudia, and we look for great things from the quiet man in the future.





WILLIAM M. WING
31 Faxon Street
Braintree, Massachusetts

Mr. Ving, another class barber of note, will be remembered for his tonsorial expertees and will go down in the annals of Mass. Maritime history, for the bombs that he placed here and there at the school. Although many of them never did explode, they invariably caused quite a stir even among the faculty. How often did we hear the fateful "Did you know that ,,,,,," and then the bomb would go off.

O'B and Bill were close shipmates and many happy hours were spent in the barber shop by this pair deciding the fate of the world, or rehashing some happy catastrophe of the day. Generally these meetings would generate material for just another bomb.

Lots of luck to you Bill, and we hope you are not fractured by one of your own missiles.





Died in explosion—

Ensign Bolcome's mass on Saturday morning

A pro-burial solemn high requiem mass for Richard Bolcome, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Bolcome Sr., of 31 Perkins St., Gloucester, will be held Saturday at 9 a.m. in Our Lady of Good Voyage Church.

The 21 year old Merchant Marine ensign was among seven missing crew members following an explosion aboard the tanker Gulfstag in the Gulf of Mexico Monday.

The boy's parents and bride of four months, the former Miss Rosaline La Picollo, were flown to Ft. Myers, Fla., this week by the Gulf Oil Corp to hear first hand about the tragedy from some of the 33 crewmen who escaped.

The missing man's father said this morning on his return that the oil firm had officially confirmed that his son had died with six other crewmen when the 572-foot tanker exploded into flames off the Louisiana coast.

According to reports of survivors, Bolcome and the other

missing men were off duty in their rooms on the starboard side of the vessel when explosions in the engine and pump rooms set off the inferno, his father said.

Bolcome, a third engineer, was to go on vacation next week when the cruise was over. The top-ranking graduate of his class at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy this June, Bolcome was graduated from Gloucester High School in 1963 where he was an honor roll student and top baseball player.

He was a member of Our Lady of Good Voyage Church and served as president of the CYO.

Besides his wife and parents Bolcome is survived by an older brother, Robert E. Bolcome Jr., also in the Merchant Marine; four sisters, Janet, Mary Anne Harloff, Eleanor Faye, wife of Angelo Bertolino, and Christine; another brother, Martin; a maternal grandmother, Mrs. Mary Grace of Gloucester and a niece and nephew.

*Class Of 1967
Mourns Loss
Of 1966
Graduate And
Former
Shipmate*

COMMENCEMENT—1967

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DIVISION OF STATE COLLEGES



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MARITIME ACADEMY
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BOURNE, MASSACHUSETTS

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To provide him with an academic background in order that he may be intellectually capable of acting as a representative of the United States throughout the world;

To instill in him a sense of honor, leadership, responsibility, and pride in his profession;

To train him in naval procedures that will enable him to serve with the United States Navy whenever the need arises; and

To send him forth with an abiding respect and affection for the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.





COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

MUSICAL PRELUDE

Naval Base Boston Band
Chief Warrant Officer B. A. Waltrip, Jr., USN, Bandmaster

ACADEMIC PROCESSION

The Class of 1967
The Presidential Party

NATIONAL ANTHEM

Naval Base Boston Band

INVOCATION

The Reverend Lawrence F. Almond
Executive Director, Massachusetts Bible Society

WELCOME

Dr. A. Sanford Limouze
President, Massachusetts Maritime Academy

GREETINGS TO GRADUATES

Dr. Richard M. Millard
Chancellor of the Board of Higher Education

INTRODUCTION OF COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER

Dr. A. Sanford Limouze

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

His Excellency, John A. Volpe
Governor of Massachusetts

PRESENTATION OF AWARDS

Various Donors
(Listing on pages following)

PRESENTATION OF BIBLES

The Reverend Lawrence F. Almond

ADMINISTERING OF OATH FOR MERCHANT MARINE LICENSES

Captain William W. L. Parker, USCG
Officer in Charge, Marine Inspection, First Coast Guard District

CONFERRING OF DEGREES, CLASS OF 1967

Dr. Kenneth R. Fox
Chairman, Board of Trustees for State Colleges

BENEDICTION

The Reverend Francis L. Mahoney
St. Margaret's Church, Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

RECESSIONAL*

Naval Base Boston Band

*It is requested that all guests of the Academy remain seated until the Presidential Party and the Graduating Class have marched off.

ALUMNI

COMPLETING DEGREE REQUIREMENTS

Nautical Science

Joseph Patrick Dawley, 1944	Lynnfield, Massachusetts
Thomas Henry Greany, 1937	Clinton, Maryland
James Cornelius McCollom, 1941	Washington, D.C.

Marine and Electrical Engineering

John Everett Andrews, 1943	Revere, Massachusetts
----------------------------	-----------------------

COMMENCEMENT

Dr. Limouze greets graduates, families, and guests.

AWARDS*

MARITIME ASSOCIATION OF GREATER BOSTON AWARD.

Presented by Mr. John J. Halloran, Manager
Maritime Association of Greater Boston, to
LEO ANTHONY WELCH (Nautical Science)
RAY ARTHUR ARCHAMBAULT (Engineering)

IRVING WOOD MEMORIAL PRIZE.

Presented by Captain Richard B. Redmayne, USN, President,
Mass. Maritime Academy Alumni Ass'n, to
RICHARD PAUL TOOMEY

BOSTON MARINE SOCIETY AWARD.

Presented by Captain John J. Saxton, President,
Boston Marine Society, to
WARREN THOMAS HARRINGTON

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY, UNITED STATES DAUGHTERS OF 1812 AWARD.

Presented by Mrs. Blanche Partridge, Treasurer,
Massachusetts Society, U. S. Daughters of 1812, to
RAY ARTHUR ARCHAMBAULT

UNITED STATES LINES, INCORPORATED AWARD.

Presented by Mr. George E. Murphy, M.M.A. 1943,
Port Engineer, United States Lines, Inc., to
CHARLES JOSEPH KIMTIS, JR.

PROPELLER CLUB OF THE UNITED STATES, PORT OF BOSTON AWARD.

Presented by Mr. George M. Poor, President
Propeller Club of the U. S., Port of Boston, to
JOSEPH PATRICK NOWD, JR. (Nautical Science)
KENNETH JOSEPH SEMPLÉ (Engineering)

MILITARY ORDER OF THE WORLD WARS AWARD.

Presented by Major General Robert G. Butler, USA (Ret.)
President, Cape Cod Chapter of the Order, to
STEPHEN GERARD MALLEY, (Nautical Science)
TERENCE PATRICK MCCARTHY, (Engineering)

JAMES M. FULLER, JR., SHIPMATE AWARD.

Presented by Mr. Andrew Whelehan, Mass. Maritime Academy,
Class of 1959, a classmate of James M. Fuller, to
WINNER TO BE ANNOUNCED

COMMANDER EDWARD A. ELLIS AWARD.

Presented by Commander Edward A. Ellis, USNR (Ret.), to
MICHAEL WILLIAM RYAN

DISTRICT 2, MARINE ENGINEERS BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION GRADUATION AWARD.

Presented by Captain Thomas Burke, Mass. Maritime
Academy Alumni Association, to
TERENCE PATRICK MCCARTHY

BROTHERHOOD OF MARINE OFFICERS, AFL - CIO AWARD.

Presented by Mr. Edward J. Farr, Executive Secretary,
Brotherhood of Marine Officers, to
RICHARD PAUL TOOMEY, (Nautical Science)
WILLIAM HENRY CAMPBELL, JR., (Engineering)

AMERICAN BUREAU OF SHIPPING AWARD.

Presented by John R. Blackeby, Assistant Secretary,
American Bureau of Shipping, to
RAY ARTHUR ARCHAMBAULT

GULF OIL CORPORATION MARINE DEPARTMENT AWARD.

Presented by Captain E. Marcus, Manager, Industrial Relations,
Gulf Oil Corp. Marine Dept., to
RICHARD PAUL TOOMEY, (Nautical Science)
DONALD EDWIN LINDQUIST, (Engineering)

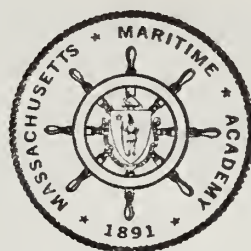
PROPELLER CLUB OF THE UNITED STATES STUDENT PORT OF MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY PRIZE.

Presented by LCDR. Alan McNaughton, USNR,
Faculty Advisor, Student Port, to
WINNER TO BE ANNOUNCED

*Order of presentation is in accordance with date of earliest award.



His Excellency, Governor John A. Volpe and President A. S. Limouze.



*The Faculty of the
Massachusetts Maritime Academy
join with the Midshipmen of the
Class of 1967
in extending to you
an invitation to attend the
One hundred and twenty-fifth
Commencement Exercises
on Saturday, March the fourth
nineteen hundred and sixty-seven
at two o'clock
Bourne High School
Bourne, Massachusetts*

His Excellency, Governor John A. Volpe delivers commencement address.

The graduating class of 1967.

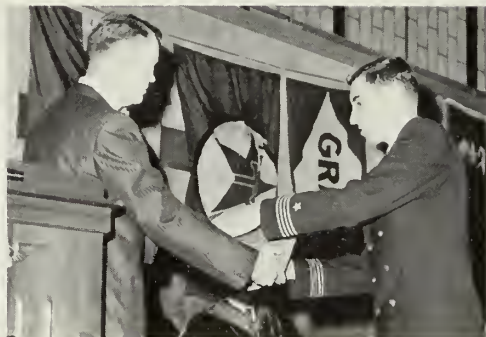


COMMENCEMENT

Cdr. McNaughton makes first annual presentation of Mass. Maritime Propeller Club award to Mid'n. S.B.B. Broderick.



U. S. Lines award presented by Mr. G. E. Murphy to Mid'n. C. J. Kimtis.



Boston Marine Society Award presented to Mid'n. W. L. Harrington by Capt. J. J. Saxton.



Mid'n. J. P. Nowd, Jr. receives Propeller Club of the U. S. award from Mr. G. M. Poor.



The pre-graduation luncheon sponsored by the Alumni Association.



Dr. Kenneth R. Fox presents Mid'n. L. V. Banda his diploma.





The Military Order of World Wars award is presented Mid'n. S. G. Malley by Major General R. G. Butler, U.S.A. (Ret.)



Mr. J. J. Halloran, presents the Maritime Association of Greater Boston award to Mid'n. R. A. Archambault.



Academy President, A. S. Limouze, Alumni President, Capt. R. B. Redmayne and Dr. K. R. Fox, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, at the head table for the commencement luncheon.

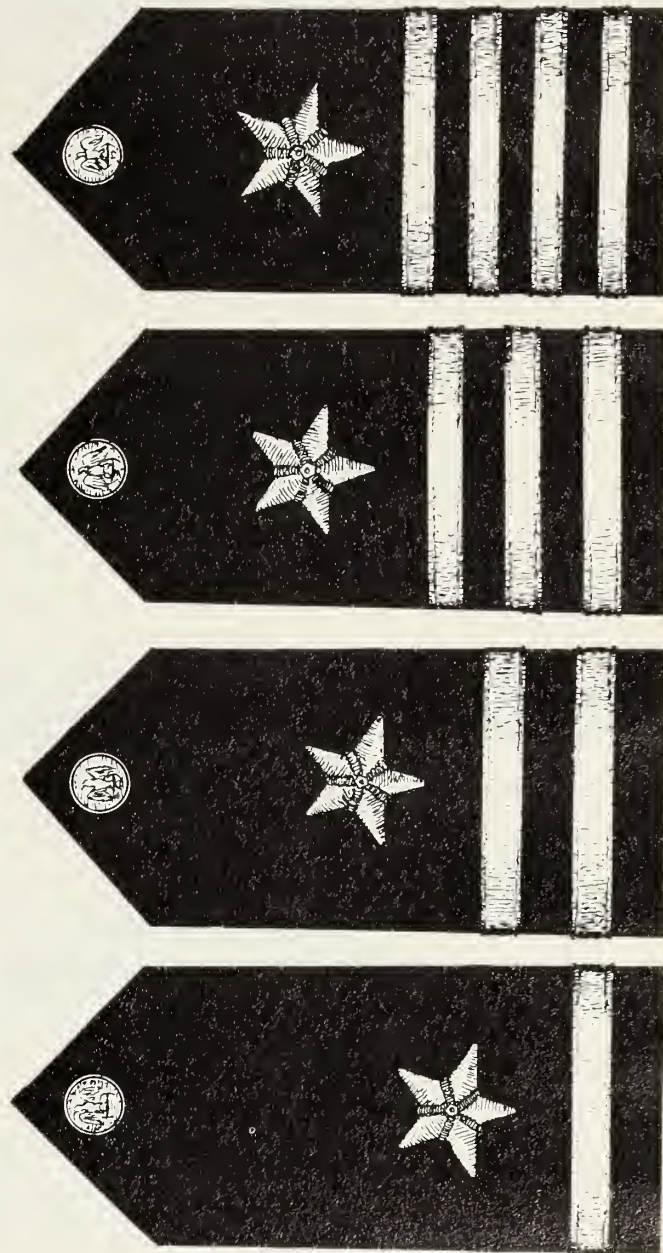


Mr. Harry Thacher, class of 1898, second oldest alumnus.



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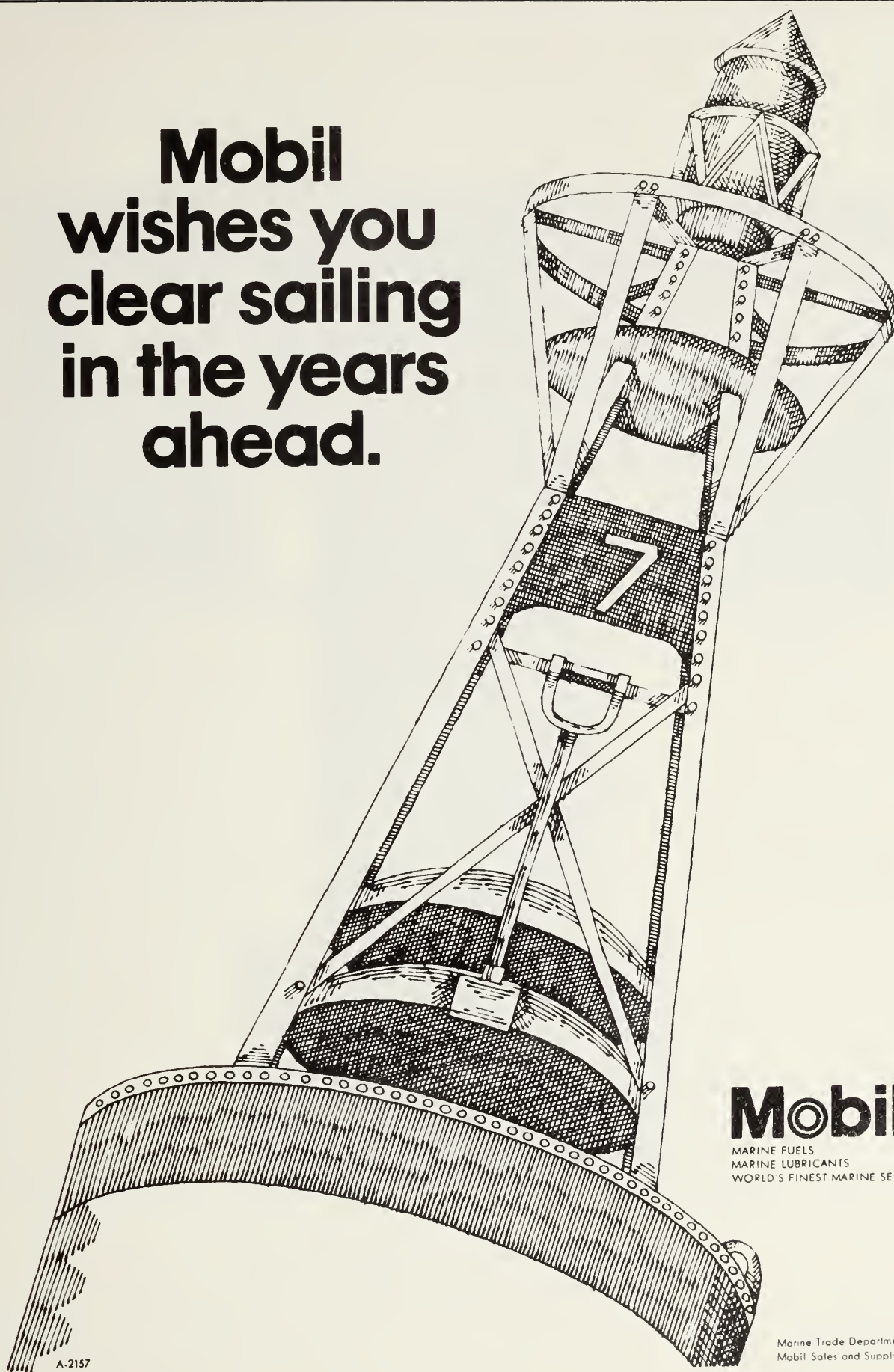
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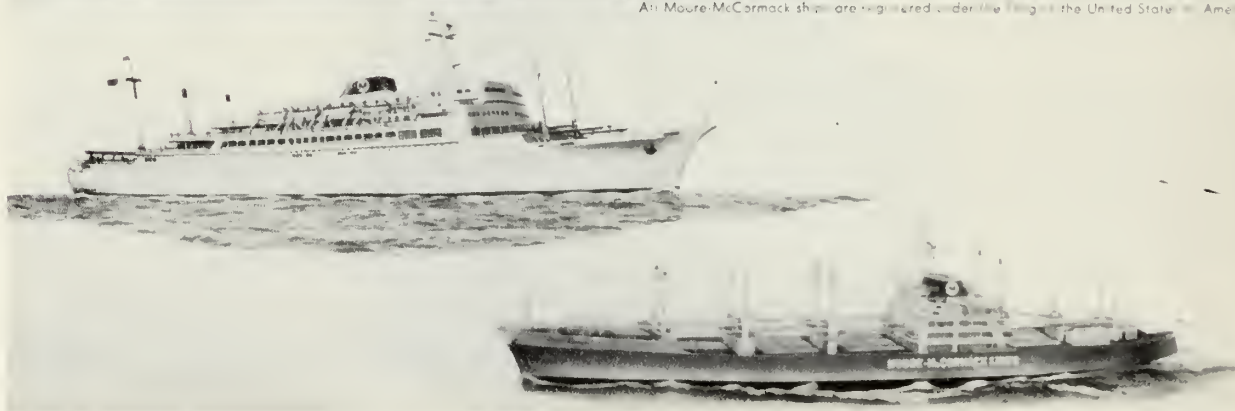
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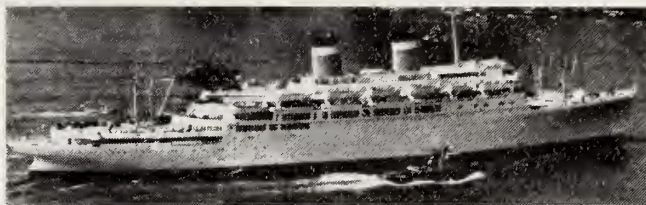


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Fair Tides and Fair Winds

And a hearty—"Well Done"



TOP LEFT

R. A. Archambault
 J. Arruda
 P. G. Lucas
 T. P. McCarthy
 R. A. Covell
 D. B. Ward
 A. M. Carlozzi
 E. T. Graham
 L. J. Sullivan
 D. E. Doherty
 W. T. Barker
 R. C. O'Brien
 W. M. Wing
 D. E. Lindquist
 J. D. Manning
 W. H. Campbell
 E. S. Callahan
 R. J. Milo
 S. B. Broderick
 L. Izzo
 B. Hamblett
 S. J. Mercandante
 J. Hickson
 M. W. Ryan
 K. J. Semple
 R. W. Montembeault
 F. S. Butler
 R. E. Janes
 J. Bechtold

GROUND L. TO R.

P. J. Begin
 R. A. Aldred
 G. B. Fassett
 P. J. Riley

National MEBA

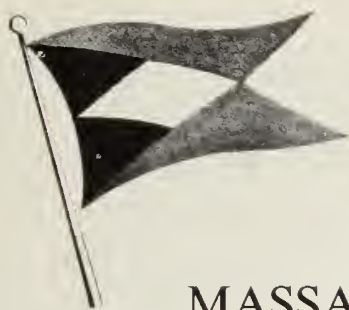
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MEMORANDUM

TO: The 1967 Graduating Class
FROM: Mystic Steamship Corporation

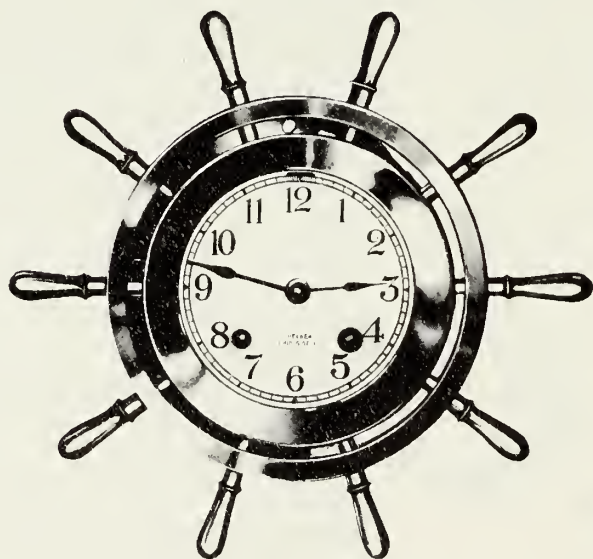
May we extend our warmest congratulations and best wishes as you embark on your maritime career. We hope the years ahead bring you genuine happiness and fulfillment of your personal goals.

Smooth seas and safe harbors.



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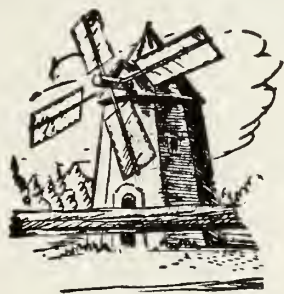
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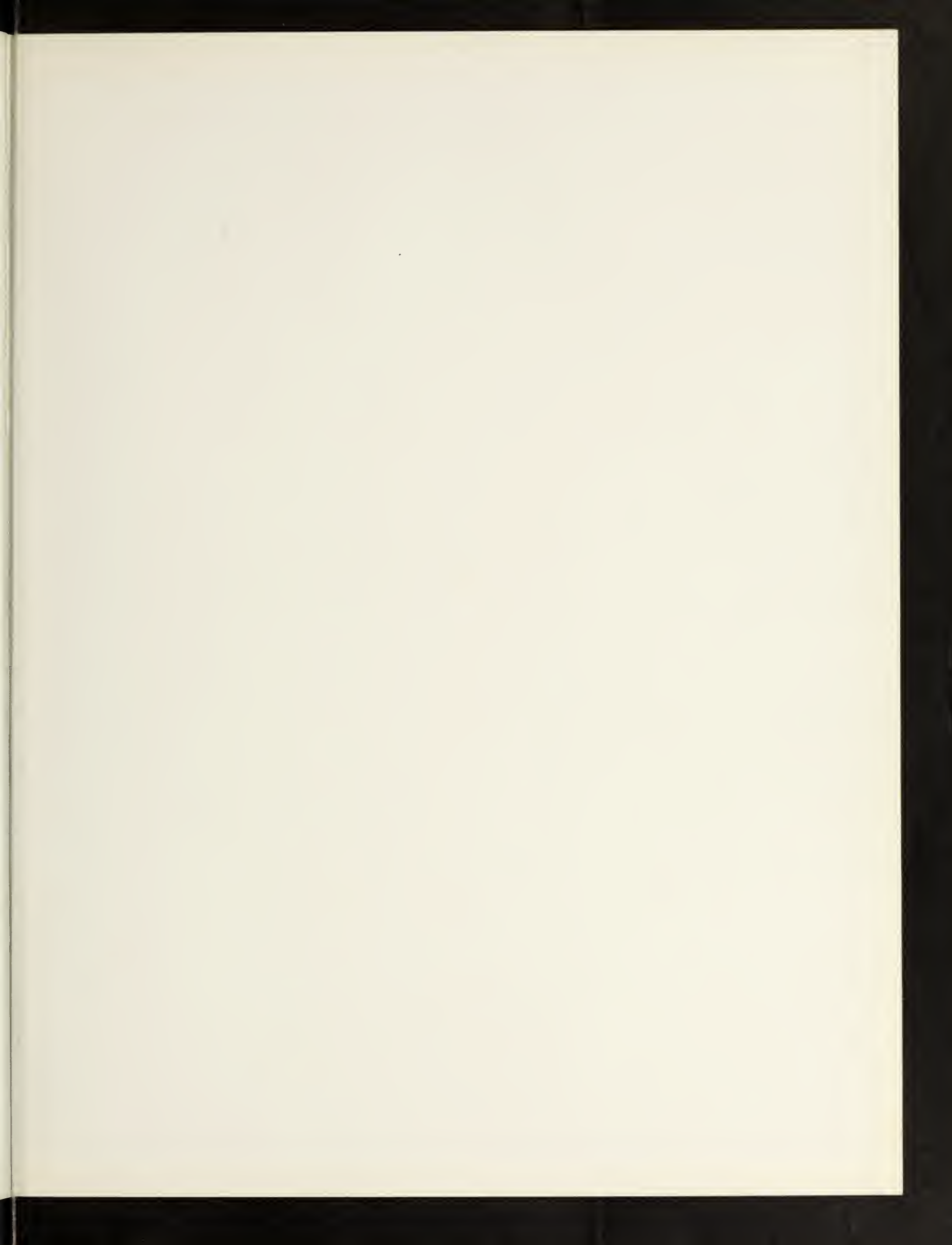
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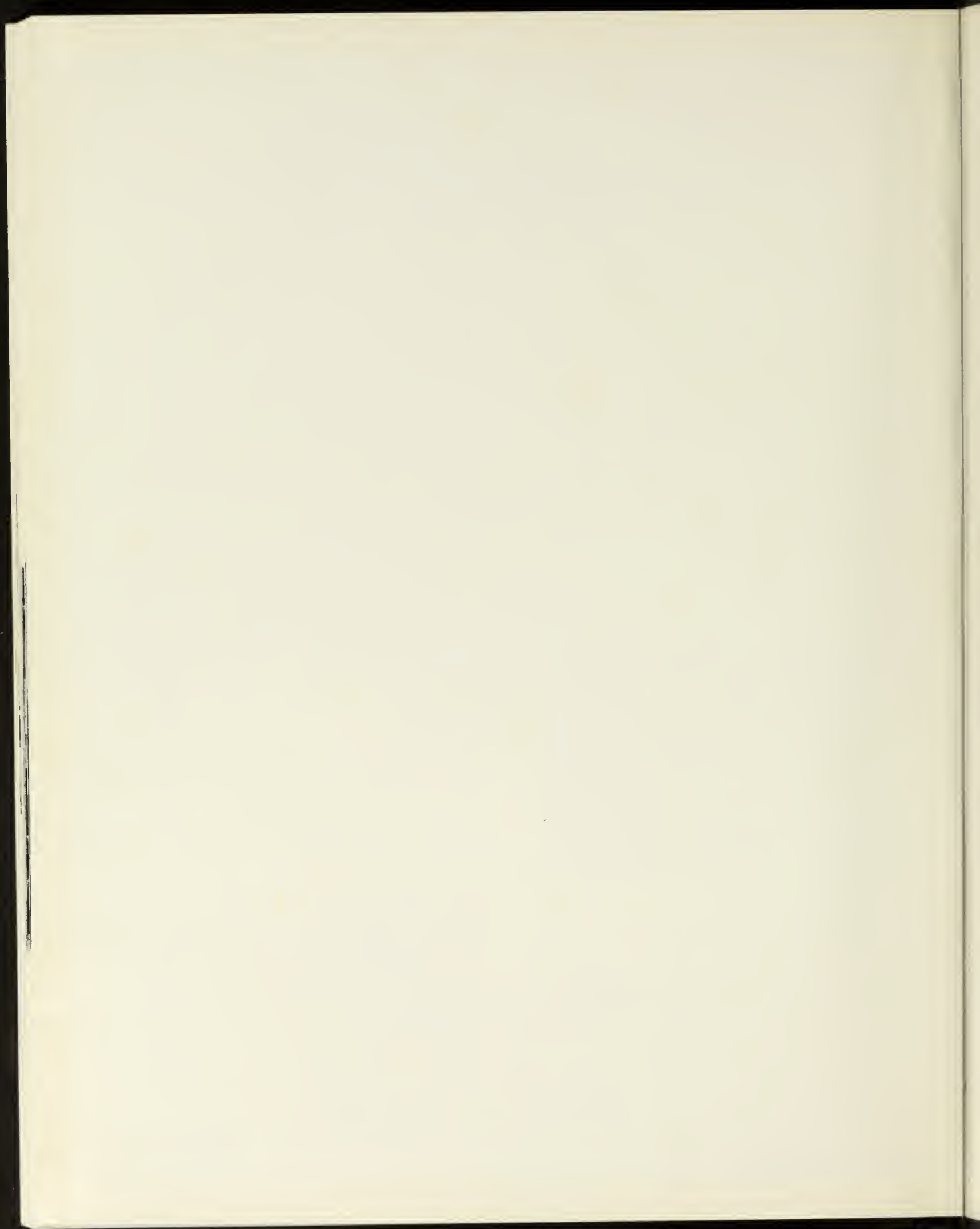
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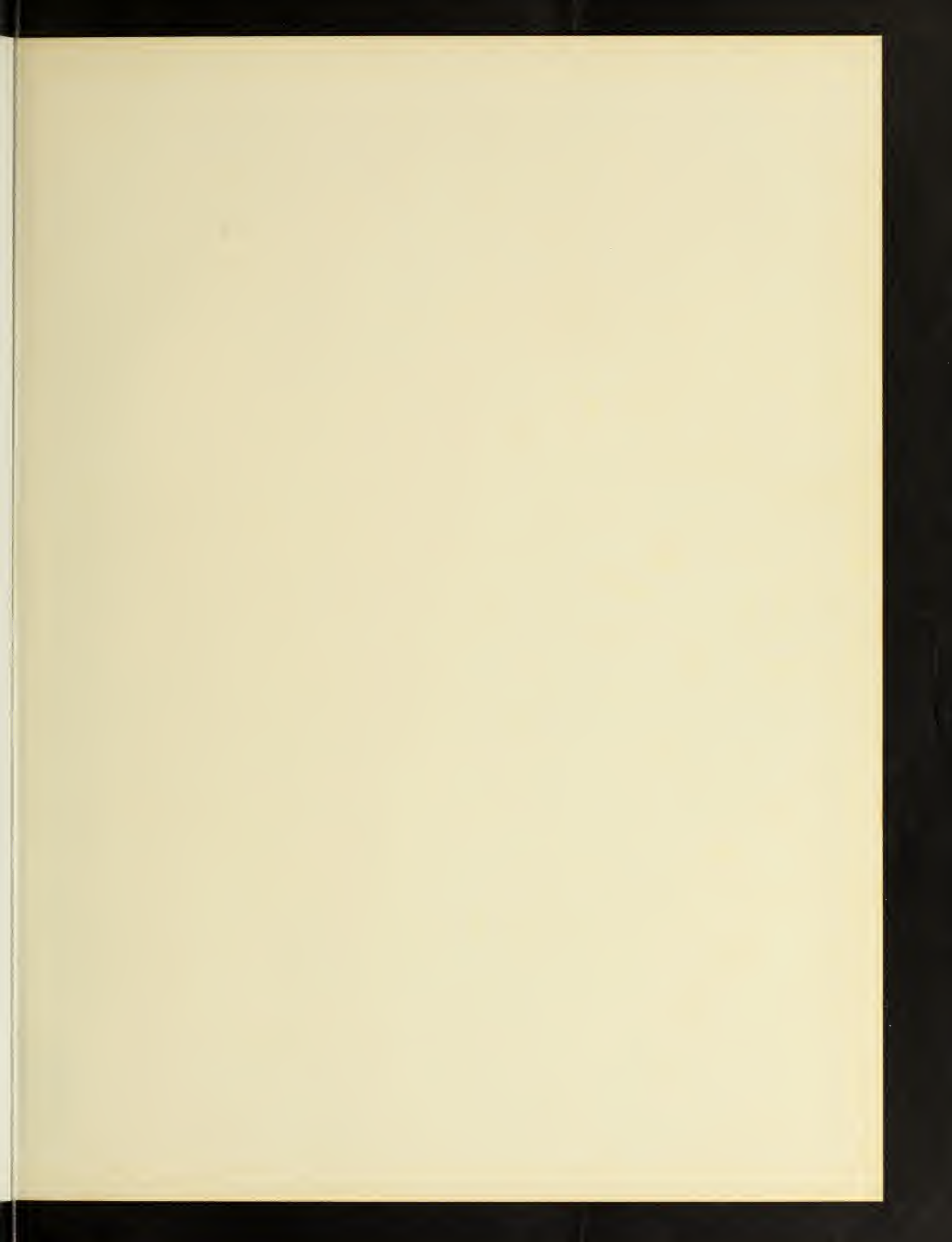
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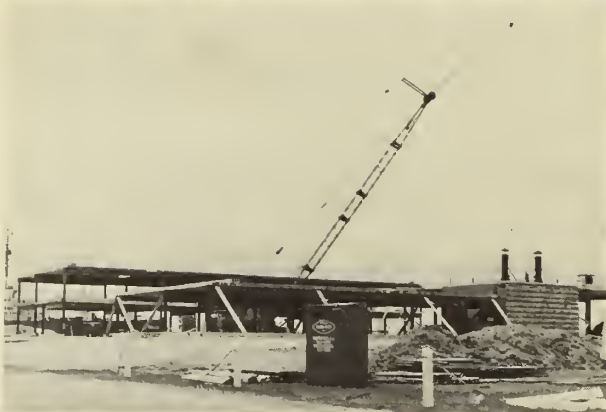




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